BROCKTON FAIR HAS A DIAMOND JUBILEE SHOW

Officially Opens Tomorrow Afternoon When American Legion Drum Corps Step Onto Parade Ground

Brockton, Sept. 8—At 1 o'clock tomorrow afternoon, when the first of 30 American Legion drum and drill corps steps onto the parade ground the Diamond Jubilee of the Brockton Fair, will officially open, for the next seven days, closing at 11 p. m. each evening through Saturday. Every afternoon and evening, beginning tomorrow night, more than 150 cowboys and cowgirls will vie for honors and nearly $7500 cash, in the national open championship rodeo; bronco busting, bull dogging, calf roping and tying, trick and fancy riding.

NOTED COWBOYS

These championships have drawn to the Fair such noted cowboys as Bobby Askins, greatest bronc buster of all time; Ed Evans, world's leading all-round puncher; Ray Matthews, 1934 national champion calfroper and world record holder; the Canada Kid, most colorful prairie character, and Ed Bowman, whose list of titles is the longest in the Who's Who of the cattle country.

Topping them all will be the ace of movie cowboys, Hoot Gibson, who will appear in person each afternoon and evening throughout the week with the rodeo.

Each afternoon and evening, at 2 and 8 o'clock, beginning tomorrw, the most noted guides, woodsmen and river drivers of Maine and northern New Hampshire will compete in the guides' tournament.

Thousands of dollars in cash prizes will be awarded the winners in log rolling, fly casting, canoe racing and tilting, wood chopping and sawing and other competition.

THRILLING POLO GAMES

At 4 o'clock tomorro afternoon, two picked teams of players selected from the best in the East, will inaugurate a new feature of the Brockton Fair—a series of horse polo matches to decide the mythical "all-star" championship of New England. The first two teams to take the field ill be captained by "Big Tim" Forrester Clark of Harvard fame, and A. C. Burage of Myopia Hunt Club. A second game will be played tmoorrow afternoon, two more on Tuesday at 4 p. m., and the finals will be played off Thursday, at the same hour.

Tomorrow will be American Legion Day. Monday will be dedicated to Young America, with special features for the youth. On Monday will begin the judging of cattle, food, flowers, dogs, rabbits, poultry and pigeons, and on Monday afternoon the first of four days' harness racing will be held on the famous half-mile track at 1 p. m.

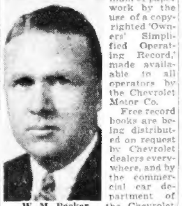
Tuesday is Brockton Day, Wednesday Grange Day and Thursday Boston Day. Gov. Ely and the mayors of mayors of many New England cities will attend the Fair Friday, Governor's Day, when the open races for Fords will be held. Saturday, championship day, the professional auto races will be run, and the winners in all of the various competitions will be crowned and prizes awarded.

Not too Old to Motor

A. C. SIMMONS, 97, perhaps the oldest autoist in world. He is shown at World's Fair inspecting a new Ford V-8.

CHEVROLET HAS COST AID PLAN

What truck owners ought to know—how much his fleet operations cost, which drivers are doing the best jobs, which type and make of equipment is the most economical, which vehicles are costing so much that they should be replaced—can be ascertained with a minimum of paper work by the use of a copyrighted 'Owners' Simplified Operating Record,' made available to all operators by the Chevrolet Motor Co.



W. M. Packer

Free record books are being distributed on request by Chevrolet dealers everywhere, and by the commercial car department of the Chevrolet Co., Detroit.

The system provides the owner with a small record book, one for each vehicle, containing a sheet for each day's record (to be filled in by the driver), and a monthly summary sheet on which the daily entries are totaled. Comparison of the summaries at the end of the month will give a definite figure on the relative operating costs of each vehicle in use.

Nash Announces Price Reductions

The Nash Motors Company has notified its distributors and dealers that price reductions are effective on all new Nash and LaFayette models, in some instances as high as $150.

"This is a genuine price reduction," President Harold C. Hart of Nash New England Company said yesterday. "Sometimes new models may be announced at higher levels and later reduced. Nash models were put on the market with no increase in prices.

"This reduction effective now makes these new lower prices all the more attractive to those thrifty buyers who recognize the splendid value built into all Nash and LaFayette cars."

DRIVES FORD ON 97TH BIRTHDAY

A. C. Simmons, 325 Linden avenue, Oak Park, Ill., is perhaps the oldest automobile driver in the world. He was 97 on Aug. 3, 1934, and celebrated the day by driving three old cronies, each more than 90, around the busy streets of Chicago.

Their combined years totaled more than 360, which would take you back when Bill Shakespeare was a 10-year-old and only the neighbors had heard of him.

Though he had driven Model "Ts" for 15 years, it wasn't until he was 92 that Mr. Simmons learned to drive a gear-shift car.

He served through the Civil War and is one of three surviving members of Phil Sheridan Post No. 615.

He is a retired farmer, living with his son, J. L. Simmons, an engineering contractor. **"I've never had a serious accident driving," the old man says, "never hurt anyone. My nerves are good. I neither smoke nor drink."**

Gibbons Stumps for Safety Glass

Floyd Gibbons, famous headline hunter, is aiding the Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Company in its campaign to acquaint automobile dealers throughout the United States with the importance of safety glass all-around, in selling automobiles.

Gibbons dramatizes what happens when cars not equipped with safety glass all-around become involved in accidents. He presents his ideas on how he would sell a prospect for a car by emphasizing its equipment with safety plate glass in all windows, and in the windshield and ventilators.

Firms Test Tires to Assure Safety

Sixty-three million tire miles, a distance equal to 2520 times around the earth or 131 trips to the moon and back, will be covered by the U. S. Rubber Co. this year in testing tires.

"We have to use astronomical distances to picture the enormous amount of testing to which U. S. tires are subjected before they are placed in the hands of the public," said T. J. Pike, district manager tire division of the U. S. Rubber Co., in an interview yesterday. "This year we will do more testing than ever before."

Dodge Reports Gain in Sales

Detroit, Sept. 8—The manner in which Dodge dealers' sales are holding to a steady, little-varying volume is again shown by the latest of the reports issued weekly by the factory, stated W. T. Murphy, regional director of the Dodge Brothers corporation, in an interview yesterday.

Figures detailing the activities of the Dodge organization for the week ending August 18 reveal that the combined passenger car and truck deliveries made by Dodge dealers in that time accounted for 5589 new vehicles, as against 5505 delivered during the preceding week.

Wee Plant Shown at Used Car Sale

In conjunction with the DeSoto and Plymouth used car sales of demonstraters and cars of other makes, the Lawton Kenmore Motor Company is showing a miniature assembly plant furnished by the Plymouth Motor Corp., and educational talking pictures, animated cartoons with sound effects and comic strips especially arranged for the benefit of children.

Fred Boyce, general sales manager of the company, yesterday stated that the first night of the sale, 150 people visited their showrooms and 11 cars were sold.

Mr. Boyce said that today the motor car buyer wants to know what is under the hood, because he is interested in power, driving ease, economy, safety and comfort.

Hudson Displays New Trunk Styles

Trunk models have been added to the Hudson and Terraplane line and are now on display at The Henley-Kimhall Company. The addition of these trunks, plus the big luggage space already provided in the body, give a tremendous carrying capacity and are provided to suit the purposes of those who demand an exceptional amount of storage space, C. L. Nutter, general manager of The Henley-Kimball Company, distributor of Hudson and Terraplane cars, said yesterday.

...NEW ENGLAND'S BIGGEST WEEK...

of THRILLS and ENJOYMENT! WILL SOON BE HERE

MAKE PLANS NOW.
Don't Miss It This Year.

Among the hundreds of attractions at New England's greatest Exposition, will be the biggest, most thrilling outdoor Stampede and Rodeo ever staged in the East—over 150 real Western cowboy and cowgirl champions, over 300 wild broncs and steers, in breath-taking feats of trick and fancy riding, bulldogging, roping, wild cow milking, chuck wagon races and all other sports of the Western cowboy.

Exciting speed programs. Light harness races, four days, Monday to Thursday, Sept. 17-20. Auto races, two days, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 21 and 22, with world's leading dirt track drivers.

In the Coliseum, every evening, New England's most brilliant society event—the Springfield Horse Show.

Everywhere you go, everywhere you look, this great exhibition provides attractions of interest for everyone. Visit Storrowton, the New England Colonial Village. See the state buildings, the industrial arts exhibits, the dozens of specialty shows—175 acres of features, education and entertainment.

Select the day. Plan now with family and friends to enjoy this one big week of the year.

HARNESS AND AUTO RACES
Every Afternoon at Grandstand

GOLDMAN'S BAND
Sunday, Sept. 16

SPRINGFIELD HORSE SHOW
Every Evening in Coliseum

SEE WHAT YOU'LL SEE—

Dog, Cat, Poultry, Rabbit Shows
$1,000,000 Livestock Show
Championship Wood Chopping Contests
Sheep Dog Trials
N. E. Baseball Championships
1200 Boy and Girl Champions
State and Government Exhibits
Machinery Show
National Rug Contest
Storrowton Colonial Village
Fish and Game Exhibits
Home Economics Programs
Fruit, Flower, Vegetable Shows
Acres of Industrial Exhibits

REDUCED R. R. RATES

EASTERN STATES EXPOSITION
DAY AND NIGHT SEPT. 16-22 SPRINGFIELD MASS.

WAX METHOD PROTECTS BULB SUCCESSFULLY

Liquid Preparation Now Available Will Reduce Loss of Storage Bulbs; Kills Thrips

By EDWARD C. VICK
Home Garden Editor

Wax has been used successfully for several years for protecting rose bushes. The tops of the roses were dipped in melted wax and heated to exactly the right temperature to keep it liquid, but not so hot as to injure the plants. It was a delicate and rather troublesome operation. When conducted just right practically every plant the grower sold lived and thrived. The buds soon forced their way through the thin coating of wax.

The stems of the plants were sealed so the sap was not dried out by exposure to the air. The roots were wrapped in damp moss, which kept them in good condition.

In later experiments the whole plant was dipped in wax, root and stem, and if the wax mixture was right and the temperature right, the plant lived when planted although it had been out of the ground for a considerable time. A wax-coated rose was kept on the desk of a heated office in spring for six weeks and, when planted, grew as well as one freshly dug.

DOES NOT HARDEN

Finally the wax treatment was tested on various bulbs and tubers which are ordinarily stored over winter, free from frost, such as dahlias, gladioli and cannas. These kept perfectly. In the case of gladioli it was found that the wax coating resulted in killing any of the very troublesome thrips and their eggs that remained on the bulbs. This proved to be a simple and efficient way of getting rid of this vexatious pest which is so difficult to control.

The trouble has been to obtain suitable wax and hold it at the proper temperature. If too cool, a good covering was not obtained. If too hot, which was the most dangerous, the subject was killed.

A preparation has been made, a liquid wax which does not harden. No heat is required in using it and consequently there is no danger to the plants or bulbs that are treated. Considerable work has been done at various agricultural experiment stations with the wax with favorable results. Gladioli corms or bulbs when properly dried and cleaned can be dipped in the wax; the wax quickly dries and the bulbs may be stored as usual. They will be ready for planting in the spring with the assurance that there are no thrips on them. Dahlias and cannas can be handled in the same manner.

USE ON VEGETABLES

Roses and other shrubs and trees can be treated with wax, reducing loss in planting to a minimum. Citrus fruit and apples have been treated and marketed successfully.

Strangely the wax may be diluted with water to any desired consistency. Diluted sufficiently, a thin protective gloss is given citrus fruits, apples, etc., and the fruit keeps a long time even though exposed to the air.

This process will greatly simplify the storage of bulbs and reduce the annual loss of stored bulbs by amateur gardeners, especially cannas which are difficult to keep over winter. Dahlia tubers stored over winter will neither dry out nor rot as is so often the case.

Vegetables as well as fruits can be coated and stored without wilting. The wax when thinned with water can be applied with a brush or sprayer.

Eastern States Exposition Next Sunday

The Eastern States, Springfield, one of the finest expositions in America, opens next Sunday and continues until midnight September 22nd.

A thrilling rodeo—harness races—auto races—fireworks, are among the minor attractions. Edwin Franko Goldman's famous band and the spectacular Springfield horse show will stay many feet but, perhaps, better than all these wonderful attractions to many will be the interesting agricultural and poultry exhibits which are always high grade at this exposition.

The Poultry and Rabbit Show under the direction of Milton Danziger and Howard Rich are truly out of the ordinary. Probably no fall fair show in the East has as many individual exhibitors.

The judges at this year's exposition are:

H. M. Tucker, Augusta, Maine; D. E. Tasker, Brattlesboro, Vt.; W. H. Congdon, Providence, R. I.; J. H. Drevenstedt, Northport, N. Y.; J. Harry Wolsieffer, Vineland, N. J.; W. F. Kirkpatrick, Storrs, Conn., F. W. Rogers, Brockton; Lloyd M. Hallenback, Greendale, N. Y.

Ray C. Brown, Hampden, N. Y.; W. E. Atherton, Boston; L. J. Tetlow, Holyoke; R. G. Williams, Barre; Gretchen C. B. Hamer, Southport, Ct.; Clayton S. Purdy, Stamford, Ct.; Edwin D. Price, Amenia, N. Y.; John L. Payne, Portland, Ct.; John C. Kriner, Stettlersville, Pa.

Charles MacNear, Ashland; Harlo Fiske, Wheatley; J. H. Woodward, Tyngsboro; Harold Tompkins, Concord; George A. Chapin, Ludlow; George W. Tracey, Kinderhook, N. Y.; Paul P. Ives, New Haven, Ct.; Oscar F. Schultze, Norwalk, Ct.; Ralph Lowell, Auburndale; T. Edward Cordis, Longmeadow; Fred O. Groesbeck, Vernon, Ct.; E. D. Billings, Meriden, Ct.; Frank E. Whiting, Plainville, Ct.; Samuel Rice, East Saugus; D. D. Cavanaugh, Windham, Ct.; W. A. Smith, Whitney's Point, N. Y.

Answers

By EDWARD C. VICK

NOTICE—All inquiries must have full name and address so that they may be answered by mail if not of sufficient interest to answer here.

Mrs. M. L. W., Brookline: Give your hydrangea a dressing of bonemeal now. A good sized plant such as yours may have two or three quarts spread in a rather wide circle about the plant. Work this lightly in the top soil without disturbing the roots. Then spread an equal quantity of peat moss and work that in, in the same manner. Next spring, use commercial sheep manure in the same way. Spray as needed to keep the plant free from insects and there will be a good display of flowers.

* * *

C. R. G., South Boston: A two-year-old Concord grape vine, planted in good soil should thrive. In planting, the soil should be dug deeply, loosened up well. Give plenty of water during the growing season, particularly in dry weather. Watch for insects and protect the vine by spraying as may be necessary. Keeping the soil about the vine mulched with manure will be helpful. Fish scraps buried around established grape vines make excellent fertilizer.

LETTUCE FOR THANKSGIVING

Lettuce can be grown in the garden so it may be had daily, up to the Thanksgiving Day dinner, by the use of a coldframe.

A coldframe is simply a wooden hotbed frame set on the ground and covered with one, two, three or more sash, according to its length. A three-sash frame is a convenient size and may be constructed of any obtainable boards three-quarters of an inch or an inch thick.

A planting of lettuce seed made as early as possible in September and another in October will supply sufficient plants. Make the soil rich and supply water and air as needed.

As the weather becomes cold, bank the outside of the frame with manure and use an old quilt, carpets or other protective covering over the sash. If manure is not obtainable, pile up fallen leaves with a little soil over each layer to hold it in place. Pile up layer after layer until the leaves, when compact, reach to the top of the frame.

Radishes may be grown with the lettuce, using one of the early, quick maturing varieties.

Best Time to Plant New Lawn

September is a good time to plant grass seed. Get the seed in as early as possible.

One advantage in autumn sowing is that the weeds show plainly and may be removed before the seed is sown. There is also ample time to properly prepare the soil.

Work in plenty of organic matter. Rotted manure is good, if it really is well rotted. As a substitute use peat moss, but see that it is made fine, all lumps broken up.

Where the soil is hard, dry or so shady grass does not do well, use red fescue.

If the soil is wet and shady the New York State College recommends Rongstalk bluegrass.

This Week in Garden

Plant Oriental poppies. Divide old plants needing separating.

* * *

Plant Top Onion Sets. They are hardy and will produce early green onions next Spring. If the sets are united, separate them planting one bulb at a time. The bulbs are formed on top of the leaves. Set the bulbs two inches deep and two inches apart in the rows.

* * *

Cuttings can be made now of geraniums for next season's bedding plants. After they are rooted and have made some growth, all they need is a temperature of about 60 degrees. Just sufficient to keep them.

* * *

Divide hemerocallis, commonly known as day lilies.

* * *

Pot freesia bulbs. Keep them cool and out of direct sun until the plants start growing.

* * *

Calla Lilies that have been resting should be repotted. Use rich loam for soil and apply water liberally when growing.

* * *

Plant Madonna lilies if not already planted.

* * *

Humid, hot weather with little sunshine encourages mildew on roses, and other plants. Keep spraying and be sure to cover both sides of the foliage. Several materials are offered for the control of mildew, Ansul sulphur, Fungtrogen, potassium sulphide and Pomo-green.

Why Not Your Own Greenhouse?

With more leisure time and food prices rising, it will not be long before there will be considerable building of small greenhouses.

A good supply of fresh vegetables may be produced in a small greenhouse, the extent of the variety depending on the gardener's skill. Lettuce, radishes and onions are easily grown. More room and attention are required for tomatoes, which is the next higher step in cultural methods. Then come cucumbers which have not much food value but do afford a pleasing variety.

With the vegetables an interesting collection of ornamental plants may also be grown. The boys and girls of the family can help operate a greenhouse.

Edward C. Vick's popular garden articles are a regular feature each Sunday. One of the "practical" experts.

GARDEN

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12 guaranteed bulbs (value 25c) for only 10c postpaid; 125 bulbs postpaid for $1.00. All colors mixed. Burpee's Fall Bulb Book FREE.
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Any 3 $1 lots for $2.75; any 6 for $5
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SPECIAL My best quality chicks. Barred, White or Buff Rocks, Reds and W. Wyandottes $3.50—50; $6.75—100; W. Giants $9.00—100. W. Leghorns and H. Mixed $6.20—100. Cash or C. O. D. postpaid. Cert. 7763. M. F. Mattern, R-7, Beaver Springs, Pa.

Ewing's Quality Chicks
B. R. & White Rocks $6.30—100; Reds $6.50—100; White Giants $9.00—100; Blk. Giants $8.00—100; Heavy Assorted $6.30—100. Plus Postage. 100% live delivery guaranteed. Cert. 3048. Ewing's Poultry Farm, Box 7, McClure, Pa.

CHICKS Wh. & Brd. Rocks, R. I. Reds, $7.00—100, H. Mix. $6.50. Live prepaid arrival. Cert. No. 3019. Kohl's Poultry Farm, Box 10, Beaver Springs, Pa.

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Buy Direct—Save ½ on all Plumbing, Heating and Roofing Supplies. Send for FREE CIRCULAR. Full of Real Bargains.
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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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Sunday, Sept. 9, 1934

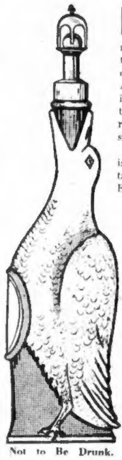
"Signs of the Times"— *A New Series of Paintings by Henry Clive*

Copyright, 1934, by The American Weekly.

Copies of This Colorful Picture on Heavy, Glossy Paper—Suitable for Framing—Are Available. See Details on Next Page

Bathroom Bottles Designed to Prevent Mishaps

Grandma's Bottle. This Curiously Fashioned Receptacle Enables Grandma to Identify It Even in the Dark When She Wants to Take Her Medicine.



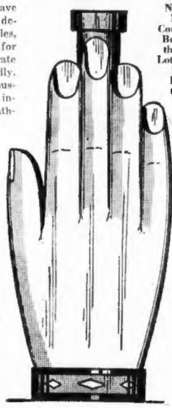
At Right—Bottle Made in the Image of a Fowl, With a Stopper Equipped With a Rattle to Warn the User That the Liquid Within Is Not to Be Drunk.

HUNDREDS of inventors have given time and thought to designing thousands of bottles, ranging from simple nursing bottles for the young and innocent to elaborate decanters for the mature and worldly. A few of the more unusual and amusing of these devices—most of them intended to grace the shelves of the bathroom medicine cabinet—are shown on this page.

The bottle at the extreme left is just what it looks like, a container for grandma's medicine. Even in the dark, granny could run her hands over the bottle and recognize it instantly as her own.

Beside this is another odd vial that was granted a patent back in 1871. It was made in the likeness of "a fowl," according to the inventor, and the stopper held in the bird's beak was equipped with a rattle, presumably to warn people that the liquid within was not intended to be taken internally.

One of the most sensible of the numerous array of bottles filed in the U. S. Patent Office is one fashioned in the shape of a human hand. This, the inventor knew, would be eminently fitting as a container for hand lotion or nail polish.



Nobody Could Mistake the Contents of This Bottle for Anything but a Lotion for the Hands or Polish for the Nails.

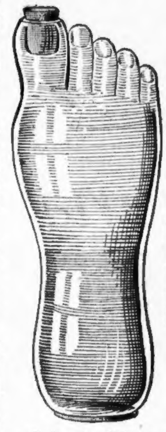
Whatever This Bottle Holds Is for Universal Use and Is, Therefore, Harmless.

Next to the hand-bottle is a vial in globular imitation of the world with all the continents plainly in evidence. Such a bottle might well be kept in the bathroom and filled with something "universal," some liquid that was safe and efficacious for every member of the family, although the inventor thought that his bottle would be particularly attractive as a holder of perfume.

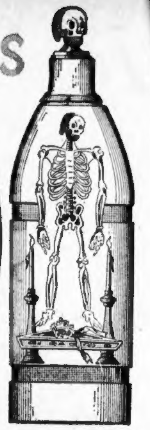
What better bottle could be devised for rubbing alcohol or corn remedy than the one made in the shape of a human foot? This is one of the more modern of the novel bottles recognized by Uncle Sam and was patented in 1928.

The bottle at the extreme right of the page explains itself. It is intended to hold one or another poisonous liquid, as shown by the skeleton embossed on its surface and the small skull on its stopper.

The designer of this bottle, whether he ever made any money out of the patent, or not, had reason to believe that his idea was one of the best of its kind in the Patent Office because every year several hundred people in America lose their lives by picking up the wrong bathroom bottle and drinking poison instead of medicine.



Even in an Unlighted Bathroom, the Bottle On the Left Proclaims Itself a Vial for Foot Lotions, or Rubbing Alcohol.



The Poison Bottle, Above, Gives a Double Warning—a Skull and a Skeleton, to Label the Contents as Poisonous.

Only $90 for Painting That Caused Furore

THREE years ago Mark Symon's painting called "In the Street of a Great City"—a reproduction of which is shown at the right—was the talk of London. It shocked the sensibilities of some people, but more than one eminent art critic predicted that it would fetch a price of many thousands of dollars because of its excellent draughtsmanship and its daring and unusual treatment of a familiar Biblical scene. The other day—after being shown in Canada and in New York—the canvas was auctioned off to an art dealer in the British capital for $90.

Artist Symon, famous for his highly individual manner of painting, set the scene of the Crucifixion in the streets of Reading, England, and surrounded the Savior and the two thieves between whom He was nailed to His cross, with Britishers in modern dress. Among the crowd that gathered about the cross were laborers, business men and representatives of the moneyed and leisured class. None of them showed on his typically English countenance any sympathy for the tragedy that was ending the earthly life of the Son of God. That fact created considerable of a stir when the picture was first exhibited in England. It seemed to many critics and laymen that Mr. Symon was charging his fellow countrymen with a callous disinterest in Christianity.

The directors of the Royal Academy, where the unorthodox work of religious art was hung, were roundly censured for lending their distinguished walls to such an "insult to the English people." They were accused of breaking the tradition of the Academy and of allowing their judgment to be influenced by the Continental swing toward "radical modernism," and Mr. Symon came in for even more outspoken criticism. There were dozens of critics in the British Isles who were for barring him from all the country's galleries until he changed his attitude toward art and religion and "established his right to be taken seriously and abandoned freakish canvases which were an offense to common sense and good taste."

In the storm that broke about him, Mr. Symon remained calm and insisted that he was neither modern nor radical. The Crucifixion, he held, was a situation that was, in a sense, ageless and timeless, and could be made more dramatic by a modern setting. He had intended no criticism of the British attitude toward religion and could just as well have shown Frenchmen or Germans or Americans gathered about the cross.

But the furore went on and no one wanted to buy the picture which was auctioned off for less than the cost of the raw materials that went into it.

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Reproduction of the Painting by Mark Symons, "In the Streets of a Great City." A Strange Conception of the Crucifixion, It Shows the Streets of Reading, England, Crowded With Citizens While the Savior Is Raised on the Cross With Steel Ropes.

Citizens Refuse to Use "Graveyard Sidewalk"

THE little Maine coast town of Millbridge has a new concrete sidewalk running along one side of its Main Street. It is a perfectly good sidewalk, broad enough and well constructed. But more than half of Millbridge's 1,100 population will not walk on it. Why? Because they say they are walking on the graves of their forefathers. And that, they add, is nothing less than sacrilege.

This new walk was built last Fall and the gravel mixed with the cement was taken from an old burying ground, long ago abandoned, but which contains the bones of early Millbridge settlers. Women are shunning the sidewalk even more than are the men and they say that when they do step on the cement they are filled with strange sensations that make them feel uncomfortable. It is as if they were really treading on the skeletons of the departed.

When the walk was built economy had to be considered and the gravel from the old burying ground was found to be the best and the most convenient. There is a report that when the gravel was dug old bones were found but were tossed aside by workmen.

One Summer resident whose ancestors were born in Millbridge and whose remains lie in the old cemetery, made a special trip from New York City and filed a written protest against using gravel from this source. Work was suspended for a while but was resumed after his return to the city.

Before the concrete dried a heavy rain storm made small lines on the surface of the walk. Then snows came and covered it. When the sun had melted the snow and ice along Main Street, those prejudiced against the sidewalk had additional proof that they should not step foot on it, for in many places the furrows cut by the rains greatly resemble human ribs and there are two places at least where it does not require much imagination to picture complete skeletons.

Merchants whose stores are on the side of the street where the sidewalk runs are up in arms. They laugh at what they term "silly superstitions" but that doesn't help their business.

Will Millbridge citizens eventually put aside their superstitious fears and use the sidewalks? That remains to be seen. If not, it looks as though a new sidewalk will have to be built.

The Little Humming-bird in Her Nest Built on a Street Light, in Los Angeles, California. The Nest Is No Larger Than a Silver Dollar.

FOR some strange reason, known only to herself, a female humming bird recently built a nest and prepared for one or more blessed events atop an electric light in one of the busiest and noisiest sections of Los Angeles. Less than 200 feet from the light were many trees which would have made a better domicle for the bird and her young.

Hundreds of people—especially the students of a business college, the windows of which were on a level with the nest—interested themselves in the preparations of Mrs. Humming Bird and her mate for the arrival of their family. For days the birds did a clever job of weaving with wisps of cotton, small twigs and such delicate substances as spider webs and when the cradle-like nest was finished the female ensconced herself in it and, in due time, deposited two bean-sized eggs.

Strangely enough, she did not stick to the job of keeping the eggs warm, and the cocky father-to-be took over the job. He stayed on the eggs until the morning that two diminutive birds, not much bigger than good-sized beetles, pecked their way out of the shells and held their mouths open for food.

The mother did not make her appearance even then, and the father was kept busy flying away for nectar from the flowers of a nearby nursery and for meals of carefully selected bugs. He seemed tireless in his efforts to keep his offspring from going hungry and was all that a mother could have been to them. He was so busy that he paid little attention to the crowds that watched him.

It seemed to some of the onlookers that the male bird was a little awkward at the business of feeding his youngsters and that his manner of placing food in their gaping mouths was rough. The featherless, motherless birds didn't seem to mind this lack of delicacy, however, so long as the father came often enough to appease their ravenous appetites.

It may be that the male bird, while seeing to it that his family did not want for an ample supply of the best of fodder, expected his mate to come home to him and the pair of "blessed events" because, after every trip to the flowers in the nursery, he would fly fussily about the nest and turn his head this way and that, as though he were expecting his fickle wife to return and take over her maternal duties.

But the mother humming bird apparently had no intention of coming home—if she were alive and able to return—and her overworked spouse had to stay on the job. On his busiest day he made more than a dozen round trips from the precariously placed nest to the nursery.

Everyone wondered just how the self-sacrificing father was going to manage the job of teaching his youngsters to use their wings with the street and its busy traffic only a dozen feet below the nest. Such trial flights are dangerous enough where there is plenty of ground for the fledglings to land on when they attempt their first solo flights.

Want the Picture on the Cover?

THE attractive painting reproduced on the cover of this issue of The American Weekly is the first of a new series of fascinating works of art by Henry Clive, the distinguished American artist.

The series is known as "Signs of the Times."

Each of the Clive paintings in the series depicts a subtle and amusing incident in the life of a typical American beauty of our generation. Each is actually an editorial without words by a master of the brush and palette.

The American Weekly anticipates requests for copies of these paintings since many readers often ask for reproductions of the colorful illustrations on the cover of this magazine.

Such requests must frequently be denied for reproductions are not always available.

It has been decided, however, to prepare handsome copies of the Clive paintings in the "Signs of the Times" series on heavy, glossy paper, suitable for framing.

Any reader desiring an unfolded copy of the Clive picture on the cover of this issue can get one by mailing 10 cents, with the coupon printed below, to the address specified on the coupon.

—CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND MAIL AS DIRECTED—

The American Weekly, Room 500, 148 W. 23rd St., New York, N. Y.

Enclosed is ten cents. Send me the reproduction of the Henry Clive painting on the front cover of the Sept. 9th issue of The American Weekly.

Name.............................. *Address*..............................

City.............................. *State*..............................

© FOX PHOTO

Bridesmaids in England Are Popularizing Hats Made of Cellophane, Which Are Proving Both Pretty and Economical. The Photo Was Made at a Recent Fashionable Wedding.

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Frank Gould's Gambling "Dens" Cost Him More Than His Wives

Women Dug Into His Fortune, But When Somebody Convinced Him the Way to Become a Billionaire Was to Back a Glorified Crap Game—Well, Now He's Coming Home Sadder, Maybe Wiser, But About $20,000,000 Poorer

"But the Flowers Did Not Bloom"—Cartoon in a Paris Paper Showing Frank Gould Watering His Chain of Gambling Casinos. Beside It Is a Photograph of His Bankrupt Palais de la Mediterranee, Which Cost Him About $6,500,000.

Mrs. Gould No. 3, Mlle. Florence Lacaze, Who Was a Folies Bergere Actress.

Frank Gould's Second Wife, Edith Kelly Gould, Who Was a London Chorus Girl.

The First Mrs. Frank Gould, Who Was Helen Kelly, of New York Fashionable Society.

Mr. Frank Gould, Whose Gambling Ventures Have Failed and Who Is Coming Back to America to Live, Much Poorer Than He Left It.

PARIS, Sept. 1.

FRANK GOULD, son of old Jay Gould, is shaking the dust of Europe from his feet and returning to America a sadder, it may be wiser, but certainly a much poorer man than when he left it many years ago.

Mr. Gould has turned over to others his bankrupt Palais de la Mediterranee, that $6,500,000 gambling den de luxe, at Nice, and all his other losing ventures in France, and has bought a comparatively modest hill-top home at Ardsley-on-the-Hudson, N. Y. There, with the few remaining years and dollars of an interesting but strenuous life, he can perhaps figure out who nicked his bankroll for what, over here, has conservatively been estimated at $20,000,000.

At first glance it looks as if it had been largely the work of wives and sweethearts, working on him with fair if rough hands. Certainly women did a lot of back-seat driving along that road to comparative ruin, but there seems to have been a curious method in the journey, suggesting a dominant figure in the background. Among what is left of the American colony at Paris and the Riviera, many believe that it was Sir Basil Zaharoff, known as "Europe's mystery man."

Frank J., as the youngest son of the late Jay Gould, knew exactly how his father had founded the family fortune and that it could not be done just that way again. After coming of age, except for a few millions that his wives jerked out of his hands through alimony and extravagances, he was quite conservative for a very rich man and nursed his pile for some time.

The real question is who psychoanalyzed Frank, found his weak spot and showed him what looked like as safe and sure a heads-I-win-tails-you-lose game as the one the redoubtable old financial pirate, Jay Gould, his father, worked so successfully and unblushingly in days long before the word "racket" had been invented. By unloading the stock of the Erie Railroad and other properties at fancy prices and then letting it be known that they weren't worth anything, Jay Gould was able to buy them back for a song. Widows might weep in the poor house that their life savings were gone, but it seems to have been legal at that time. Laws with prison sentences have since spoiled that game.

The founder of the fortune had left it all in charge of the oldest son, George Jay Gould, supposed to exhibit at least some signs of business ability. But by the time Frank was of age, George had succeeded in wasting at least a quarter of it. Because Frank and his sister Anna were minors and had not consented to George's folly, like the older members, those were forced by the courts to make good Frank's share. With this horrible example before his eyes, Frank prudently kept his millions mostly in gilt-edge bonds, refusing to take the risks even of the most conservative business enterprises.

Though nobody could sell this cautious soul an interest in a bakery or shoe factory, somebody got him and his third wife to plunge his financial shirt on a series of gambling joints and lose. The reason was simple. Frank was convinced that he had found a sure-fire game, in which he was bound to win and the other fellow had no chance but to lose, and all perfectly legal. In this Frank was about 99 per cent correct.

The odds at these gambling casinos are so rigged that the general public has no hope of winning. An occasional customer may and sometimes actually does make a spectacular "killing" and come out a winner. But where one small fortune is made, many large ones are sunk. Frank was permitted to see the books of some of these places which showed fabulous profits.

It seemed perfectly clear. If you had money enough to buy and run a Casino you would get richer and richer forever. So Frank went in and since it was a sure thing in which he could not lose, he might as well invest a real fortune and become a billionaire. Then he learned a sad fact.

While it may still be true that a sucker is born every minute, they have stopped coming to the Casinos to be fleeced. The gambling racket on a grand scale is just now as dead as old Jay Gould's scheme. It was as sad as if someone had sold Old Jay a lot of stage coaches, just as they became obsolete.

Mr. Gould's first two wives snatched and hacked at his fortune as well as they could. But the third wife, who is reported to have added her persuasions to those who lured him into the disastrous gambling venture, undoubtedly meant to do him a favor, not to ruin him. For that reason Paris is speculating as to the identity of the "serpent" who whispered in the ear of this Eve to hand her husband that gambling apple which turned out to be such a lemon.

Since love is notoriously a gamble which few persons, certainly no rich ones are permitted to avoid, Frank had no chance to escape it. Soon after coming into his full fortune, Frank took what everyone considered a most attractive chance in the marriage gamble, wedding Miss Helen Kelly, a beautiful New York society girl. They had two children, Dorothy and Helen, but within two years had quarrelled so desperately that Mrs. Gould obtained a divorce. The alimony she collected with it was of such impressive size that her friends gasped with envy when they were told the figures. It made a dent in Mr. Gould's pile, which continued to be, however well over $20,000,000.

At the same time Mr. Gould divorced himself from the United States to settle in France. One reason was because every time he had brought Mrs. Gould back from Europe loaded with jewels the Custom House had held them up for appraisal. He thought this high-handed. The joke of it is that he is coming back now to find Uncle Sam not only holding him up at the Custom House but meddling and taxing directly or indirectly nearly every act of his life.

In spite of his painful and expensive experience with one Kelly, Frank lost little time in marrying another, Miss Edith Kelly, an attractive chorus girl of the London Gaiety Theater. The elder members of the family registered shock and disapproval, though their own matrimonial records hardly gave them the right to high-hat much of anyone in that matter.

However, it annoyed the new bride and, perhaps for that reason, this second marriage was nearly as expensive and more unhappy than the first one. Within two years they had broken out of the clinch and were fighting at long range. Each employed armies of French detectives. These practical souls realized that if either side got anything on the other, it would end the racket for all of them. So they fraternized and neither side got anything but expense accounts.

Frank, used to being trailed by his wife's "flatties," was surprised to see a handsome, swarthy stranger among them and asked one of his own men if this was a new type of detective. The man said that he was not a "dick" at all but Senor Mario Casasus, son of a millionaire Mexican. Mr. Gould got a notion that this amateur sleuth must be getting his pay in kisses. So he hired two new detectives from a different agency and told them to kick in the senor's door that night.

They did and found Mrs. Gould with the wealthy Mexican. Because she was a married woman and the husband had complained, the two were fined about $4 each. This did not hurt much but the fact that it was on record would ruin the wife's chances of defending her husband's divorce suit unless she could get as much on him. Realizing that their game was about over anyhow, Mrs. Gould's detectives got busy.

The very next night, three policemen and three detectives, opened with pass keys at the same instant the doors of rooms 208, 210 and 212 of Mr. Gould's hotel. In the room of 208 rose up the indignant form of Mr. Gould. In the bed of 212 sat up the lovely vision of Mademoiselle Florence Lacaze, of the "Folies Bergere" and before that of California. The room between contained only a table with evidence that two persons had dined and wined there. The hotel register showed that this room was occupied by a Mrs. Bennett but the police department of Paris could find no evidence that this lady ever existed in the flesh.

"The gentleman in 208? I do not know him," pouted Mlle. Lacaze.

"The lady in No. 212? I have not the honor of her acquaintance," Mr. Gould declared.

Mrs. Gould wanted the pair dragged to court and fined at least $4 so everything would be equal. But the evidence wasn't quite strong enough. Frank after that was careful until the case came up and he won.

Then came the really important question of how much the second Mrs. Gould was to cash in. They had been married in Paris under a communal law agreement by which, in case of divorce no matter who was to blame, the wife would get one-half of all their common assets. Since Edith had brought nothing to the partnership, this would mean a net profit of more than $10,000,000. But it was shown that first they had been married in Scotland where an unfaithful wife gets only her own property back and no reward for her misbehavior.

However, Edith went right on tormenting, suing and pursuing, just as if she were still his wife.

Also, she appeared in a rather unrefined vaudeville act and had herself billed all over Paris as "Mrs. Frank J. Gould," and he was forced to go to law to stop this new outrage to his feelings. In an affidavit in connection with her separation suit, Edith Kelly enumerated some of the luxuries and necessities she had been accustomed to as his wife, and which she still needed. She had an automobile costing $4,000 and an apartment at $6,000 a year. She spent $5,000 for entertainments, $5,000 for food and drink, $4,000 for dancing and music lessons, $2,000 for doctors and $1,000 for the dentist.

Altogether she spent $45,000 a year and wanted Gould to reimburse her at this rate for the four years since they parted. After the litigation had been going on for years, Frank won a final victory.

Having at last swatted that second matrimonial fly, Frank hastened to marry Mlle. Florence Lacaze, that same lady whom he is supposed never to have met until the police introduced him during that hotel raid. It was "Queen Flo," as they called her, whom the conspirators, so it is said here, played upon to persuade Frank to open his chain of gambling casinos and hotels connected with them. She did not know they were after her husband's money, and would have been the first to resist them if she had known.

His principal customer was usually Mrs. Gould. The joke of it was that she couldn't lose anyway. Whichever way her bets turned out, Frank Gould was bound to be the loser. If she won he certainly never saw the money again, except perhaps in the form of some new jewelry or clothes. If she lost, he had to pay for it. Even if some of her money went to the Casino, little of it found its way into his pocket as recent court proceedings have shown.

The first casino Gould started under his wife's guidance was at Bagnoles de l'Orne, 150 miles from Paris. After that he founded the Casino at Juan-les-Pins, on the Riviera. In between times he rebuilt a couple of ancient Norman inns that had fallen into disrepair since the days of William the Conqueror.

But far and away his greatest enterprise was the Palais de la Mediterranee at Nice, the metropolis of the Riviera. Taking his pen in hand once more, Mr. Gould wrote:

"This is a palace the Caesars could not have built."

In the first five months of its existence the palace is estimated to have lost $800,000. The great Zographos syndicate of Greek gamblers made an organized campaign against the place and cleaned up heavily.

Twenty-five of Gould's croupiers—rakers-in of money—were suspended by the French Government for irregularities when Captain Jack Coats, an Englishman, complained that he had lost $420,000 in half an hour, which was much too soon, and other visitors to the abode of art, luxury and pleasure made similar complaints.

In November, 1933, a fire wrecked the luxurious palace. Naturally there was talk of incendiarism. The loss was said to be $594,000, but Gould settled with the insurance companies for $231,500.

Two years ago when Gould was threatening to close up, a syndicate headed by the Mayor of Nice leased the place for a moderate sum to protect local interests, but could not make a success of it.

Once more Gould resumed the management, but gave it up in despair last season and has now abandoned all his fantastic French enterprises.

That palace was Gould's own fault but the other gambling properties were unloaded on him and his wife by somebody who knew the sucker crop was failing.

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Her Tombstone Ordered Out of the Cemetery—Or Draped

VIENNA.

A LITTLE more than a year ago this city went into mourning because Selma Kurz-Halban was dead. Her untimely passing took from the opera lovers of Austria one of Europe's most brilliant and popular sopranos. And it bereaved Prof. Joseph Halban, the eminent Viennese surgeon, of his well-beloved wife.

The shock of Selma Kurz-Halban's death is long since forgotten, but thousands of citizens in the Austrian capital are in a furore because her resting place, in their opinion, has been prudishly and inexcusably disturbed. The beautiful marble statue of "Aida," which Dr. Halban commissioned a famous sculptor to make for his wife's tombstone, has been covered with sackcloth, and may have to be removed from the cemetery. The sculpture was placed over the grave because Mme. Kurz-Halban made her greatest success in the role of "Aida," and because it was the operatic character that she liked best.

The trouble over the dignified and appropriate memorial began when certain of the clerical Fascists of Austria objected to the half-draped statue because it was close to the grave of Ignaz Seipel, former chancellor of Austria and the spiritual father of the clerical Fascists.

Articles in several Fascist publications attacked the sad-faced statue of "Aida" as "shocking and indecent" in a city of the dead. It might, said the objectors, be all right in a museum, but it was all wrong in a cemetery.

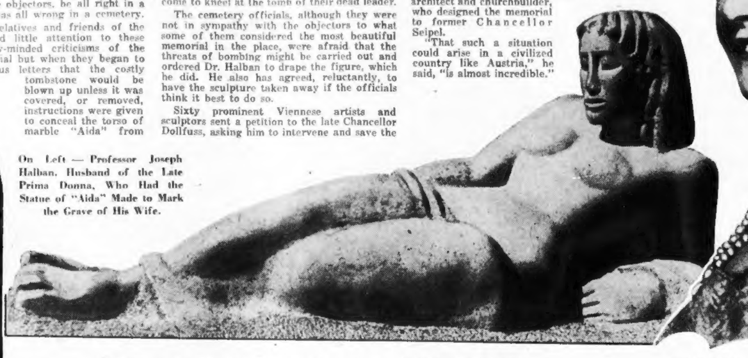
At first, the relatives and friends of the opera singer paid little attention to these seemingly narrow-minded criticisms of the sculptured memorial but when they began to receive anonymous letters that the costly tombstone would be blown up unless it was covered, or removed, instructions were given to conceal the torso of marble "Aida" from eyes that found it offensive. The cloth was even weighted down with stones so that a vagrant breeze could not lift the folds of the fabric and shock some supersensitive visitor to the burial ground—and particularly Fascists come to kneel at the tomb of their dead leader.

The cemetery officials, although they were not in sympathy with the objectors to what some of them considered the most beautiful memorial in the place, were afraid that the threats of bombing might be carried out and ordered Dr. Halban to drape the figure, which he did. He also has agreed, reluctantly, to have the sculpture taken away if the officials think it best to do so.

Sixty prominent Viennese artists and sculptors sent a petition to the late Chancellor Dollfuss, asking him to intervene and save the statue. It was, they told him, a work of the highest artistic merit and no one but a crank could find anything wrong with it, in a cemetery or elsewhere. Among the petitioners was Prof. Clemens Holzmeister, the world-famous architect and churchbuilder, who designed the memorial to former Chancellor Seipel.

"That such a situation could arise in a civilized country like Austria," he said, "is almost incredible."

On Left — Professor Joseph Halban, Husband of the Late Prima Donna, Who Had the Statue of "Aida" Made to Mark the Grave of His Wife.



The Figure of "Aida," Which Was Adjudged to Be Too Unclothed for Its Position in the Cemetery, and Which Now Wears a Sackcloth Drape.

The Late Viennese Opera Singer, Selma Kurz-Halban, Who Made "Aida" Popular With Millions, and Whose Death Made the Figure of "Aida" an Unpopular Subject.

Headdresses That Are Really Descended From Dresses

THOUSANDS of people have seen the dark-eyed senoritas from Mexico—and their lace headdresses—at the Mexican Village at Chicago's Century of Progress Exposition. But only a very few of the visitors to the community transplanted from the country below the Rio Grande knew that the becoming creation of lace that the girls wear in their native dances is called a "huipil" and that it is actually a child's dress.

It would be natural to assume that the headgear was brought to Mexico from Spain and that it is a traditional piece of apparel worn in the mother country for centuries. But such is not the case. The "huipil" is peculiar to certain sections of western Mexico and it dates back not more than 150 years.

According to legend — and the legend seems to be based on a shipwreck that actually took place in the late 1780's—a vessel was washed ashore near Salina Cruz, in the State of Oaxaca, and most of its cargo consisted of children's dresses. The Zapotecan Indians salvaged the little garments and the women, with that universal and age-old feminine urge to dress up, began wearing the dresses around their necks. The garments were too small to be pulled down over the wearer's shoulders — so they became headdresses.

In time, of course, the dresses wore out, but the Indians were so used to wearing the "huipil," as they had called the headdress, that they made others and the frippery became a tribal tradition. The women in near-by communities copied the idea from the Zapotecans.

The photographs show the two ways in which the headdress that descended from a dress can properly and fetchingly be worn. For formal occasions — including religious ceremonies and calls by visiting celebrities—the "huipil" is worn with the face through what would be the neckline of a youngster's dress. The collar of the dress is starched stiffly and made to stand up like a fan-shaped ruff. The skirt of the dress is draped over the shoulders like a long bertha collar.

For fiestas and other gay occasions the Mexican women do something entirely different with the "huipil." They pin the waistline of the skirt about their heads and throw collar and skirt backward, mantilla-fashion. Sometimes the headdress is starched and sometimes it is not when the wearers are on pleasure bent.

Every community of Zapotecan Indians counts among its treasures several "huipils" made of pure spun-gold thread made into the most fragile and beautiful lace. These very special bonnets are public property and are loaned to deserving young women when they get married. And woe to the happy young bride who, in her wedding-day excitement, lets anything happen to her ornate and valuable "huipil." If so much as a thread is broken she is in public disgrace for her husband, of course, has to pay the bill for repairs by the most skilful lacemaker in the neighborhood.

Almost every Zapotecan family has one or more of the headdresses that are family heirlooms and which have been passed down from mother to daughter for generations. It is said that there are, in Mexico, a few of the original dresses which were washed up on the shore near Salina Cruz when the United States was a young nation just getting used to running its own affairs.

The "huipil" is such an important part of Mexican dress that no young matron would think of keeping house without at least two of the curiously inspired headdresses in her wardrobe.

Left—The Huipil, an Ornate Headdress Shown at the Chicago Fair. It Is Worn in a Mexican Dance and Is Really a Dress.

Another Type of Huipil Affected by Mexican Beauties. It Was First Adopted 150 Years Ago.

Saved By His Glass Eye From Charge Of Murder

IT was during the Yukon Gold Rush in 1915 that "Blueberry Tom" Jensen got into trouble. Trouble was nothing extraordinary in Alaska then, but "Blueberry Tom," so the authorities charged, made the mistake of committing murder. He had quarreled with two fellow prospectors over a dance hall girl, and in the fight that ensued, the two prospectors and the girl also, were killed. "Blueberry Tom" was no novice with a hip gun. Before he could be brought to trial, he escaped—and eventually, the case was almost forgotten—until a couple of weeks ago when a Danish seaman, a bit worse for a few drinks, was retrieved by a policeman from a Brooklyn, New York, sidewalk, and given a cell as his lodging for the night.

The Brooklyn police are thorough. They looked up the records about men named Jensen, and found an old circular which urged the police of the country to be on the lookout for "Blueberry Tom" Jensen—the sourdough who had sent two fellow prospectors and a dancing girl over the great divide 19 years ago.

The man who was sleeping it off in the cell had given his age as 51, and it tallied with the age of the adventurer who had done murder in Alaska. The officers at the station were certain they had run across the trail of the criminal. After communicating with the Alaskan authorities the police learned that Alaska was still anxious to deal with "Blueberry Tom," and to see that the three murdered persons were properly avenged. The indictment was still on the books, and so the slumbering seaman was awakened and told that he was suspected of murder, and would have to face a hearing in the United States Court, to find whether he was fated to be extradited to the scene of the gold rush tragedy.

Mr. Jensen apparently didn't understand what it was all about, and the fact that he looked the part of a sourdough was of no help to him. The longer the police studied him the more certain they became that they had run across the wanted man. But the police chose to be fair also, so they began to look around for old timers who remembered the murder case. It happened that one of the policemen knew two old men who had adventured in the gold quest. But neither of them remembered what "Blueberry Tom" looked like.

Jensen, the prisoner, was then taken before the Federal Magistrate, and it seemed for a time that he would surely be sent to Alaska to be docketed as a suspected murderer. But just as the hearing was opened, George W. Berg, Federal agent, stationed in Seattle, who had flown all the way to Brooklyn to look into the case of the prisoner, appeared in court. Mr. Berg, it developed, had spent years trying to track down "Blueberry Tom." He had not known the accused murderer, but he had learned all there was to know about him. He had studied tintypes of the fugitive for days at a time, and he knew pretty much about the man's characteristics.

Berg was brought face to face with the Danish seaman—and then Berg turned to U. S. Commissioner Epstein and said:

"This man's name may be Tom Jensen, but he is not 'Blueberry Tom!'"

"You are certain?" the Commissioner insisted.

"Look at his eye," said Berg. "It is a glass eye—and it's not a very modern one. I can tell by the look of it that it is of a make older than 19 years."

"Yah," interrupted Jensen, "I have had it 39 years."

"So," went on Berg, "that lets the prisoner out. 'Blueberry Tom' had no glass eye, and this artificial eye is older than the murder case."

A couple of physicians examined the prisoner's eye socket and confirmed Berg's opinion. It was obvious that "Blueberry Tom" was still at large. Tom Jensen, the seaman, who years ago had cursed his glass eye, sat down heavily and breathed a prayer of thanks for the false orb.

As Berg had said, it had "let him out." The police let him out too, and in his joy at freedom and escape from a triple murder charge, Jensen resumed his celebration.

Wood Sculptures Done With a Screwdriver

THE name of Willem Van Vliet does not appear among the names of the many sculptors whose life and works are printed in "Who's Who," that compendium of distinguished citizens—nor does he think it should—yet there are critics who believe that this Holland-born resident of Westbrook, Maine, could, if he chose, gain world-wide fame for his carvings in wood and stone.

Mr. Van Vliet, a woodworker by trade and a designer and maker of concrete lawn ornaments whose artistic and amusing birds, frogs and rabbits grace the lawns and gardens of homes all over the country, felt the urge to create in wood and stone a few years ago.

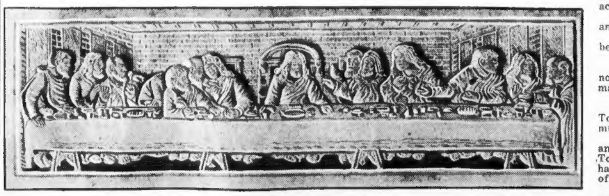
Working only with a 15-cent screwdriver, a jackknife and an old shoemaker's hammer he produced the two bas-reliefs shown on this page and several equally remarkable creations. He did not choose these simple tools just to be different, or in the hope of gaining publicity for his work. They were at hand in his workshop, seemed suitable for carving wood and stone—so he employed them instead of taking the trouble to equip himself with the usual tools of the sculptor's profession.

The panel—"Jesus Blessing the Children"—was carved on a piece of oak. At the suggestion of a friend who was struck by the medieval spirit of the sculpture, Mr. Van Vliet sent it to an exhibition of the work of independent artists in New York City and won considerable critical praise for his skill. Later, one of the leading art magazines of France devoted a whole page to the "screwdriver sculptor" and his work.

It was when the Maine woodworker was feeling the urge to express himself in sculpture that he picked up a marble shelf from a fine old residence that was being torn down. He didn't know exactly what he would do with the slab of stone but he knew that it would do for a panel. The result was a reproduction of Leonardo da Vinci's "The Last Supper," which also was exhibited in New York and which won its creator high praise. The entire job was done with the inexpensive screwdriver and shoemaker's hammer. This panel, notable for its simplicity and religious feeling, has been exhibited in several art galleries and museums—not because it was done with unusual tools, but because of its distinctive artistic merit.

Five or six years ago Mr. Van Vliet began to experiment with concrete birds, baths and other lawn ornaments which would be much less expensive than the usual iron ones. From wax originals, which he modeled himself, he made molds from which he casts the figures of animals. Some day, when he gets time, he intends to sit with his screwdriver and hammer and add to his growing fame as a sculptor.

"Jesus Blessing the Children," a Wood Carving Made With a Jackknife and a Hammer by Willian Van Vliet, a Maine Cabinet-Maker.



"The Last Supper," Done With Only a 15-Cent Screwdriver and a Shoemaker's Knife for Tools.

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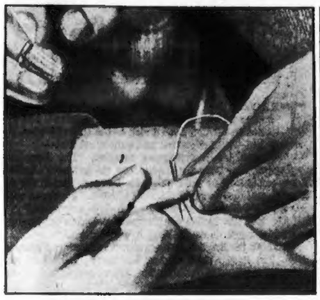
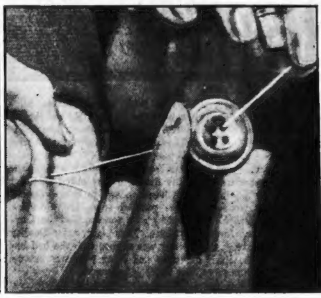
Why Human Pin Cushions Feel No Pain

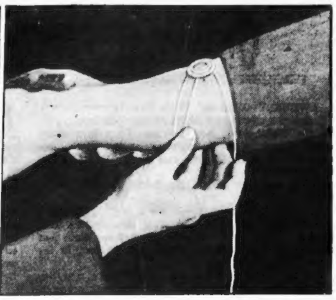


A Threaded Needle Has Been Pushed Through Robert Santner's Arm in This Unique "No Pain" Trick.



A Button Is Placed on the Thread, Much as a Housewif Prepares for a Regulation Sewing Task.

The Button Is Drawn Close to the Skin and the Sewing Job Begins in Earnest.



The Job Completed, With the Button Sewed Tightly on to Santner's Skin.

Scientific Investigations Reveal That a Strong Will-Power Can "Short Circuit" the Nervous System So That the Brain Receives No Warning of Agony From a Flesh Wound

SCIENTISTS and persons of inquiring mind are always trying to find out how the self-torturing fakirs of India can stand the pain, or even remain alive as long as they do. These fakirs, or holy men, live on beds of long spikes for ten, twenty or more years, allow themselves to be hung up by meat-hooks thrust through their backs, stick nails into their cheeks and eye-sockets without bleeding, eat red-hot coals and broken bottles, and do many other equally shocking and seemingly impossible things.

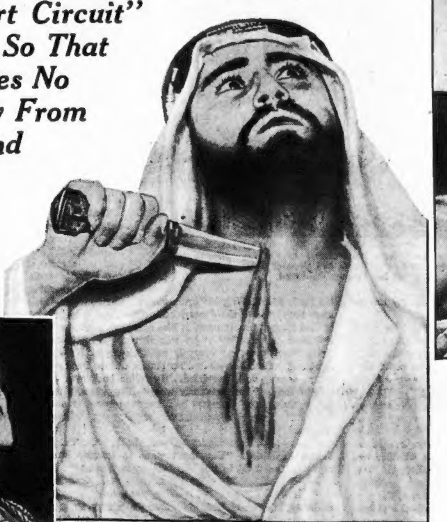


Photo Wide World.

Tahra Bey, a Famous Indian Fakir, Who Thrusts a Knife Deep Into His Throat Without Apparent Harm to Himself.

Some travelers, fascinated by the glamour of the Orient, have perhaps slightly exaggerated these things, but no doubt can be entertained that the fakirs inflict alarming tortures upon themselves that ordinary Americans could not endure. Scientific investigation now seems to show that many of us have the power, without knowing it, to endure mutilation without suffering and to suppress the flow of blood from wounds at will. And they do not need to be Asiatic or followers of an Oriental cult to possess these powers.

Robert Santner With a Rope Drawn So Tightly Around His Throat That Strangulation and Almost Complete Stoppage of the Blood Supply Have Been Accomplished, but Without Any Harm to the Subject.

Robert Santner, a young Viennese of the laboring class, formerly a barber, has just given an exhibition of self-torture as remarkable as that of several Hindu fakirs put together, and he does not pretend that he has followed an Oriental cult or goes into any mysterious trances to help him in his feats. All the equipment he brought was a strong will and nervous system working in harmony with a sound body. He is not the first man who has succeeded in duplicating the feats of the Hindu fakirs, but nobody else seems to have done so many of them in a row. Santner does not allow dirt and vermin to accumulate on himself like a fakir, but keeps himself clean, as a high-class hygienic barber is supposed to do.

The ex-barber has been performing his stunts before large audiences of interested persons, and recently gave a demonstration before the Metaphysical Society of Vienna, an organization of high-class doctors and scientific men interested in psychical investigation.

He explained that he first discovered his remarkable possibilities in boyhood when he was attacked by a raging toothache. He went to a dentist in a small village, who said he ought to have it pulled out, but warned him that he had no anaesthetic and that the operation would be painful on account of special conditions. Santner said he must have the tooth out at once, and the dentist advised him that the only thing to help him was to persuade himself that the operation was painless. The patient spent just three minutes in absolute concentration, telling himself that the operation would not hurt. He then went into the chair and found that the tooth pulling was painless, as he was confident it would be. He then made it his vocation to conquer pain and in a few years became, in every respect, as good as a Hindu fakir, and in some, much better. He was able to give up his arduous calling as a barber and devote himself to publicly exhibiting his powers.

As a preliminary, Santner demonstrated to the assembled scientists how he could control many involuntary muscles of the body, which ordinary persons do not and cannot use. He waved both shoulder blades separately and together like the wings of a bird. Then he brought his intestines up into his chest so that there was only a hollow where they usually repose, and a man was able to completely encircle Santner's waist with his two hands.

Then he brought his intestines to the front, just under the ribs, producing a nearly opposite effect. After that he got to work on self-torture. He picked up some red-hot coal in his bare hands with a happy expression and put them in his mouth and kept them there until the fire was extinguished. He also exploded some gasoline in his mouth without ill effects.

He broke a wine bottle into pieces and danced gracefully on the fragments with naked feet. He satisfied the spectators that his feet did not bleed and everybody could see they did not show any sign of injury.

He allowed six strong men to twist a rope around his neck and then pull on each end for three minutes. This process would have nearly or quite killed most men, but Santner showed no ill effects, because, he said, he was able to stop the flow of blood in his neck and slow up the action of his heart until it almost ceased to beat. Several physicians who were present felt Santner's pulse during the strangulation experiment and took his blood pressure. They found that the pulse

Santner Has Learned the Famous Hindu Trick of Standing on Sharp Glass Without Cutting His Feet. In This Picture He Broke the Bottles Before the Investigators and Tramped Through the Splintered Glass.

began to slow up as soon as the pressure grew strong on the neck, and finally became almost imperceptible.

With perfect calmness he allowed the flesh of his forearm to be sewn through with a heavy needle and thread. When the thread was drawn out the flesh was as white as before and there was no blood.

A sharp horseshoe nail was driven through his hand by one of the spectators and nailed to a board. When the nail was pulled out with a pair of pliers, there was not the least sign of blood, and Santner showed no symptoms of pain.

Santner explained that by auto-suggestion he could drive the blood away from any part of his body that he wished to cut or pierce, thus avoiding bleeding, and could prevent the nerves from carrying any sensations of pain to his brain. All this was accomplished through training of the will. Santner believes that a certain close unity between the will and the body is necessary for the performance of the most remarkable feats, although anybody can do some things of benefit to himself

Having a Nail Driven Through His Hand and Into a Wooden Block Below Is Part of His Day's Work to Santner.

Heavy Pincers Are Required to Withdraw the Spike From His Hand, Yet Santner Says the Whole Thing Is Painless.

by working along the same lines.

In many men the will is so strong that they can even make weak bodies strong. The true fakir, however, who excites the admiration of vast numbers of his fellow citizens, has something even more than will power and physical adaptability. He has a born gift of fakirship, that is to say, he has much of the artist in him.

The Vienna physicians and experts were completely satisfied that Santner not only exercised a remarkable control of his muscles, but of the circulation of the blood and beating of the heart. Santner, of course, cannot imitate the Hindu fakirs by lying on spikes for ten or twenty years, as he is an industrious young man with a living to make, and the people of the Western world would cease to contribute to a man who remained in the same position, however remarkable, for such a long time. It would grow tiresome to the amusement-loving public.

There are, according to commentators like Miss Katherine Mayo, over 5,000,000 men in India making their living as fakirs or holy men, usually by the practice of self-mutilation and self-torture. By mutilating himself the Hindu fakir is supposed to show his mastery over his gross flesh and his close unity with the gods. But at the same time he supports himself without work, for his coreligionists contribute liberally to his support, according to their means. His exhibition entertains them in a peculiar Eastern way, for religion in the Orient is closely combined with entertainment. The fakir accomplishes the miracle of making an easy living by lying on long spikes and sticking nails into his eyes, for, if he can avoid pain, then his vocation is an easy one.

Every year, in the province of Bengal, certain holy men meet to purify themselves in the sight of the god Kanhoba by the rite called Charak. Large meat-hooks are tied onto ropes and jabbed into the backs of the subjects. They are then bound to a whirligig, bells are fastened to their ankles and they are whirled around. During the revolutions they scatter sweets and flowers to the surrounding groups and chant an accompaniment to the sound of bells. During the whole ceremony their faces are said to wear a happy, ecstatic and faraway look, is if they really enjoyed being hung on meat-hooks.

Lying on a bed of spikes is one of the commonest forms of worship on the part of the Hindu fakirs. At the side of a road lined with imposing Hindu temples, by the sacred Ganges River, you can see countless examples of this kind of fakirship. These men, as a rule, spend their entire lives in self-torture. Their vows compel them to do so. By the side of a fakir's torture bed a cloth is spread out and anchored with stones, ready to receive such offerings of money or food as the pious are inclined to give.

The fakirs try to take up a position in spots that are passed by numbers of worshipers on their way to the temples. Their religion forbids the fakirs to fight for the best position, as taxicab men might do, but some of them have subtle ways of bringing misfortune on those whose places they desire. Critical observers have said that the spikes on which the fakirs lie look rather blunt and that these brown-skinned Hindus probably have rhinoceros-like skin that would not easily be punctured. But no critic is known to have shown a willingness to lie on the spikes.

Some of the fakirs perform their stunts for a fixed admission fee, but these rank rather low in their cult. A correspondent recently mentioned seeing a fakir of Ceylon who stuck pins through his face and other parts of his body for a penny per pin. That was bringing the cult into disrepute. He apparently felt no pain and the wounds did not bleed.

A Hindu fakir of high rank, Tahra Bey, recently gave an exhibition of his powers in London. He threw himself into a trance-like state in which his body became quite rigid. The body was then laid on a series of sabers, not fully sharpened, but still edged enough to be dangerous. A large stone was laid on the fakir's rigid chest and was pounded with a sledge hammer. His back showed no injury from the swords.

Brought out of his trance-like condition, the fakir then thrust hatpins through his cheeks and through folds of flesh on his chest and arms. A penknife thrust through a fold of flesh produced either a bleeding wound or a bloodless one, whichever the fakir announced in advance.

Tahra Bey reproduced a common feat of the fakirs of India, with some improvement of his own. He lay down on a bed of six-inch nails, driven point upward through a wooden door, and reclined on this remarkable couch, while an assistant, weighing about 160 pounds, stood for several minutes on his chest. Afterwards the back showed distinct marks of the points of the nails, but no blood was shed and the fakir claimed to feel no pain. The doctors present were satisfied that the hatpins and knives were actually thrust through the flesh and that the wounds did not bleed as they would have done in ordinary bodies.

The fakirs do occasionally kill themselves in their mistaken religious zeal. The practice of self-torture leads, in some cases, to dangerous competition. If one holy man is able to slash himself three times with a knife, without bleeding, another to show that he is still holier, may slash himself six times, and still another nine times, until some holy man, out to slash all slashing records, will kill himself in an effort to win the slashing championship. Hindus are naturally lazy, but the holy man often exercises considerable ingenuity in devising new forms of self-torture, when the old ones, by constant repetition, become boresome to the populace.

One devotee hit upon the expedient of parading through the streets with an earthenware vessel in his bare hands. In the vessel were live coals and it was obvious that the vessel itself was exceedingly hot. But no sooner did this holy man draw his measure of admiration than a brother devotee eclipsed him by putting the live coals in his hands. The stunt was a big success, and a third holy man decided to top it by walking over a bed of hot coals. But a fourth went him one better by sitting on them. He had to be taken to the hospital.

Physicians have suggested a normal explanation of the methods by which the fakirs can avoid the sensation of pain, stop the flow of blood and check the action of the heart. There is a break between the nerve centers under the skin which receive the first sensation of pain and the nerves which actually carry the sensation to the brain. Ordinarily sensations jump this gap and are carried to the brain. But it is possible that by training of the will the fakirs may be able to suspend this jumping of the sensation so they do not feel it.

As far as the circulation of the blood is concerned, it is known that the blood vessels contract and expand in response to stimulation carried by the nerves. What happens in the case of the fakirs who control bleeding is that the nerves not ordinarily subject to control by the mind, are trained by long practice and efforts of the will, to respond to voluntary orders. The action of the heart and the pulse beats may be controlled in the same way.

Many intelligent observers have said that the Hindu fakirs do not benefit mankind by doing such things as lying on spikes.

It has been reasoned that if American men could develop the peculiar physical powers enjoyed by the fakirs, they might use them to better purposes. They might employ them to protect their health, to endure surgical operations without anaesthetics, which admittedly are not wholesome, and by avoiding death from bleeding in case of accidents. These are only a few of the objects that could be attained by men with such abilities as Santner displays.

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Rescue Undersea The Strangest On Record

LAWBERRY GILL and Uriah Way, lobstermen, occupied a shanty on a little islet near Bois Bubert, on the Maine coast, last Summer. When they came back to Bangor for the Winter, their friends were shocked to see that Uriah Way's hair, once a thick brown shock, was snow-white.

"Why—what on earth happened?" people asked, staring.

"Plenty," said Lawberry Gill with a grin. "Ask him."

What Uriah told them, with many interruptions from Gill, was a story of a remarkable escape from death that has never been equaled, for uniqueness at least, in the lobster fishing industry.

One morning toward the end of the fishing season they left their shanty in a motorboat and began the round of their traps, some fifty-odd in number, set mostly around Bois Bubert Island. At Big Head they stopped, and Uriah baited a heavily-weighted trap and watched it go down. The tide was low, and the lobstermen could see the trap stop between two jagged rocks at the bottom. Fearful that the incoming tide might cause it to surge around and be crushed on the sharp sides of the rocks, Uriah gave a sharp pull to shift it to a better position.

Somehow it stuck. The lobsterman peered down through the green water to see if he could find out what held it. Losing his balance he went overboard and to the bottom like a plummet. He began to struggle and gave a strong kick which he thought would send him to the surface. But instead he felt a terrific pain in his ankle and was held fast only a foot above his submerged lobster pot.

When he had first felt himself falling out of the boat he had gulped in a huge mouthful of air. He needed it now. Glancing up he could see the form of his partner Gill and Gill's hands trying to clutch his own. They fell short by no more than six inches when Uriah, in agony, stretched to his utmost.

His foot was held fast in the bight of the lobster warp, which had coiled into a deadly trap the lobsterman had

The Trapped Man Sank as Rapidly as He Could to the Bottom. There He Slashed Madly at the Rope, Missed It, Then Found It Again, and Severed It. He Had Strength for Only One Feeble Kick Which Sent Him Toward the Surface.

stepped in when he gave that mighty push on the bottom. Uriah owes his life wholly to the presence-of-mind of his partner and a lucky combination of circumstances. What takes him a few minutes to tell really transpired in a few seconds as Uriah, with his lungs almost bursting, was just about to open his mouth and drown.

Lying loose in the boat above was a six-foot piece of garden hose. They had bought it on the mainland a week before to connect an outside rain barrel with the crude kitchen sink in their little shack.

Distracted, Gill fumbled about in the boat, trying hopelessly to find something which he could use in helping his partner out of the trap. His eyes fell on the garden hose. He started to thrust it aside, but then his inspiration came. In a flash it had brought to his mind the picture of a deep-sea diver, with his rubber air-line going up to the surface.

Stuffing some waste into one end of the garden hose he thrust it down through the water to Uriah, shouting, "Mouth! Mouth! Mouth!" and putting the other end of the hose into his own mouth in a pantomime message to his partner.

Though his senses were fast flickering, Uriah saw and understood. In a second he squeezed the hose together, pulled out the waste and carefully put the end in his mouth. He almost fainted with joy as air, blessed air, rushed down to him. He filled his lungs with great gasps.

Knowing he had a respite from death now, Uriah set about trying to free himself from the treacherous lobster trap. But he knew the rope was new, six-thread and tarred, and that he had no more chance of breaking it than if it had been a steel chain. Gill knew it, too. The hose was just a few tantalizing inches too short to permit Uriah to stoop down and loosen the loop that held him prisoner. And the tide was rising fast. There was only about three inches of the precious hose above the surface where Gill was holding it. Gill realized the sickening danger as he protected the hose with his hand to fend off the sloshing waves.

But Gill thought fast. He knew there was only one hope for Uriah—to get a knife to him so he could cut the ropes that held him. Uriah's knife lay in the boat where he had been using it just before he fell overboard. It was his only chance. If he could get this knife, cast the hose from his mouth, hold his breath, stoop and slash the imprisoning warp, then he might reach the surface alive.

Carefully tying the knife to the end of a stout line, Gill lowered it until it dangled in Uriah's face. Would the trapped man grasp what to do with it?

He did, just as a wave broke over the upper end of the garden hose and filled it with briny water. Uriah seized his open knife in a desperate grip and sank as quickly as he could to the bottom. There he slashed, madly, wildly, missing at first, but finally by running his hand along his ankle he found the warp and severed it. With only strength enough for one feeble kick he shot upward. He popped out of the water and Gill dragged him into the boat.

His hair was snow-white from the shock. But life was sweet.

Awoke To Find His Bride Slain Beside Him

JEAN DOULLET, a French war veteran living in Oran, Algeria, woke up the morning after his wedding and was frozen with astonishment at what he saw beside him in the bed. His bride of one day was dead—she had been strangled by someone who attacked her while she slept. The bedclothing was in disorder, but there were no other signs of a struggle.

Doullet, blanched and trembling, screamed for help. The police came, and made a thorough inspection of the dwelling. All doors were found properly locked, there were no open windows through which the murderer could have entered, not a footprint or the slightest of clues as to who could have committed the crime or how he could have got in to do it.

Likewise, there was no conceivable motive that could have led anyone to kill this pretty girl who had never harmed a soul. She had been Miss Rose Kirby, an English girl who had had the job of cashier at the biggest hotel in Oran. Of course, she had hundreds of acquaintances in all parts of the world, traveling men and tourists, who had been pleased with her courtesy and good nature in her dealings with the public. The police investigated the theory that there might have been some foreign admirer who, crazed with jealousy by her marriage to Doullet, had managed to break into her home and kill her. But nobody at the hotel knew of any such person. The recent comings and goings of all hotel guests were checked, and this lead proved to be simply an unfounded rumor.

Doullet Rolled and Tossed on His Cot, and Then, in an Instant, He Had Flung Himself Upon the Dummy Beside Him. Like a Raging Beast, He Seized It by the Throat and Growled Hoarsely as His Fingers Tightened.

Meanwhile, the police held Jean Doullet. The crime had all the appearances of an "inside job," and they could not afford to let him get away, in case he was the guilty man. There was no one else in the house who could have done it. In fact, the Doullets had not even engaged a servant as yet.

But the theory that Doullet had murdered his wife on her wedding night seemed as extravagant as any other. Doullet had loved her with all his heart, a fact to which scores of people around the hotel could testify. People can tell pretty well by the external appearances whether two lovers are getting along all right, and Doullet and Rose Kirby had been devoted to each other for many months.

Never an impatient word had passed between them, as far as anybody could remember. A more radiant and happier bridegroom had never answered yes to a clergyman's questions, people who had been at the wedding testified.

Nor could there be any doubt about the genuineness of Doullet's grief as he sat, crushed and heartbroken, in his cell. The police were keen enough observers of human nature to know that he was not merely acting. The more inquiries they made about his recent past life, the more strongly they were convinced of his affection for the girl. There was nothing he could have gained by killing her—no insurance or anything of that sort to suggest that it was a murder for profit.

And yet there were the plain facts that the police could not ignore. As Conan Doyle's celebrated detective Sherlock Holmes always said, "When you have eliminated the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, is bound to be the truth." It was impossible for anybody else but Doullet to have killed his wife, and, no matter how improbable it seemed, he must be the murderer. But the police were so baffled by the lack of a motive and other unusual features of the case that they asked for the services of an expert from the Surete in Paris, the French secret police.

This detective came, and, being a war veteran himself, he felt a certain sympathy for Doullet. He had looked up Doullet's war record and found it to be an honorable one, and he also had made many inquiries among men who had known Doullet in the war days.

The police and Doullet's lawyers thought it a very surprising procedure when the Surete expert asked that the prisoner be put into a cell large enough to hold a double bed. They were still more puzzled when the detective brought to the jail the dummy of a woman, like the familiar kind seen in shop windows. That night, after Doullet had fallen asleep, the dummy was slipped into the bed beside him. The Paris detective and other witnesses sat up all night and watched, but nothing happened.

The next day the detective gave still more astonishing instructions. He ordered that Doullet should be given all the wine, cognac or other intoxicants that he wanted to drink, and when Doullet went to sleep that night he was far from sober.

"Doullet has never been what you could call a drinking man," explained the Surete detective, "but his wedding, like most events of its kind, was a festive one. Bridegrooms frequently drink more on their wedding night than on other occasions. I wish to duplicate in that respect the conditions under which Doullet's wife was killed."

That night the watchers were rewarded. They saw Doullet roll and toss in his sleep, and after a while he began gnashing his teeth and flailing his arms about. Then his hand fell upon the figure of the dummy beside him, and in an instant he had flung himself upon it like a raging beast, and was clutching and clawing at its wax throat. He "strangled" the dummy, growling hoarsely as the grip of his fingers tightened. Then he released his clutch and sat back staring at the dummy as if horrified. He rolled back over to the side of the bed and presently was snoring peacefully. In the morning the dummy had been removed from his bed, and Doullet remembered nothing of what had happened.

"Your man is a victim of war shock," the Paris detective explained. "You don't want to execute him for murder. You want to put him into an institution."

"But he killed his wife like that, in cold blood . . . ."

"Yes, and remembered nothing whatsoever. I found in checking his record that his worst experience in the war was a hand-to-hand fight, a grapple to the death, that he had with a German soldier. They were both without weapons and after a terrific fight Doullet strangled his enemy to death. The experience has haunted him ever since, and he seems to be subject to these seizures, when, in a sort of maniacal nightmare, he re-enacts his deed. There have been many such cases of shock growing out of harrowing experiences on the battlefield.

"Once when he was home on leave, I learned, he attacked his brother like this one night, but there were others in the house who stopped him from doing much harm. On that occasion Doullet had been drinking. He had not repeated the act in fifteen years—probably because he had not drunk very much. But there seems to be no doubt that the stuff he drank on his wedding night brought on one of these 'nightmares' which he could not remember, and he murdered his wife."

A medical board after further tests agreed with the detective's theory, and the murder charge against Doullet has been withdrawn. He has been placed in a home for special treatment, and everybody familiar with the strange case is very sorry for him. His doctors say he will never outlive his haunting memory.

Don't Be Frightened By Slander Of The Frying Pan

THE Very Rev. Albert Victor Baillie, dean of Windsor and royal chaplain of the King of England, has returned to London from a visit to the United States. He went to bed with indigestion and announced that—

"America has a frying-pan complex. The American frying-pan may be more deadly than the gangster's bullet. I was made sick by fried chicken. I ordered lunch for an invalid, and they brought me fried chicken. I escaped with my life, got home, and have been in bed ever since."

The Rev. Dr. Baillie is a learned theologian but he does not know much about cooking, it would seem.

Like all the English he has a grievance against American food. The British think that all hot breads, fried food and ice water are fatal to good health. As a matter of fact, Americans average very much better physically than the English. The latter have rheumatism to an extent that we do not dream of, even their babies being often afflicted. Their women grow old much sooner than ours do, according to the statistics compiled by experts.

The Bureau of Home Economics, of the Department of Agriculture, says in reply to the worthy Dean: There is no need to worry about the indigestibility of fried foods. There is nothing to that notion except that some cooks are not good at frying. Food that is properly fried is quite as wholesome as if it were cooked in any other way. The fat should be very hot.

If food is badly cooked and allowed to soak up the fat, that slows up digestion. The same is true if one eats too much fried food. Some foods taste best when fried, it gives them a flavor and texture that can be had in no other way.

The Department of Agriculture says that a well-planned well-cooked meal with one fried vegetable can be much more inviting and quite as digestible as a meal with everything boiled or creamed or baked or scalloped. The department experts should know what they are talking about, for they have spent years experimenting with the digestibility of all types of foodstuffs.

The Bureau of Home Economics says that the supposed indigestibility of fried foods is largely a superstition. Of

Housewives Are Constantly Told by the Government Bureau of Home Economics That Food Properly Fried Is Quite as Wholesome as If It Were Cooked in Any Other Way. But the Efficient Cook Will Make Sure That the Fat Is Very Hot.

course, that means if the food is properly cooked and you do not eat too much of it at one time. Many things, and especially onions, are liked better fried than cooked in any other way. Of course, it is a very bad thing to have the food put on the table in a greasy condition, but it will not be if rightly done.

A famous doctor says that the Rev. Baillie must be abnormal if fried chicken made him sick. The trouble is with him and not with the chicken. He says the digestive enzymes or ferments split up or digest the essential elements of food. In a normal, healthy individual fats or grease are digested by a pancreatic enzyme without harm to the person.

Fats are necessary as they are a part of the essential elements of diets. Health and especially the growth of children depend upon them. Take, for instance, butter, cod liver oil, etc. So the small amount of fat one would eat with fried food could not hurt any normal individual.

If food looks inviting it is much more appetizing than if it is not and most people love fried things. At this time of year, the most enjoyable things are hot breads, pastries, fried chicken, fried liver, fried oysters, sausages and many other tempting things. And there is no reason why they should not be indulged in, without any fear of subsequent miseries of indigestion.

The Bureau of Home Economics is constantly making experiments in their laboratory with all sorts of foods. They are trying all the time to find out which are the most healthful foods and at the same time most appetizing and economical. So nobody need be afraid of fried food in moderation when the bureau recommends it.

The Government has recently bought a great many immature pigs. These they are going to raise until they are full grown. Then they are to be utilized for the relief of the poor in the Winter time. In this way many thousands of people will be fed who would otherwise go hungry when the cold weather arrives. Only a small part of the pork can be utilized while it is fresh, and so much will have to be salted and smoked. As a large proportion of this food will be in the shape of ham, bacon and salt pork, it will of course be fried. If this was not considered very wholesome food the Department of Agriculture would not recommend it.

No branch of the Government would wish to feed the needy, or anybody, for that matter, on types of food that would be likely to cause illness or discomfort.

The Bureau of Home Economics says that salt pork is all-around meat. They suggest that it be served fried. Approximately twenty million pounds of this food are now ready for free distribution to needy families through the Federal Emergency Relief Administration.

The Rev. Victor Baille stands alone in his idea about the American frying-pan. Especially fried chicken could hurt nobody who had normal digestion, so the South need not be afraid to go ahead and eat its favorite dish. A well-known physician said if a sick person was sufficiently conscious to eat at all he need not hesitate to enjoy fried chicken, unless he has some personal idiosyncrasy which made it disagree with him.

Left $10 To His Son, And $7,000 To His Dog

SEVEN thousand dollars for his dog and ten dollars for his son, said the will of W. F. Kimball of Riverton, Kansas, who was killed recently in a filling station hold-up.

The will was a double surprise to Kimball's neighbors—almost as great a shock as his death at the hands of a gunman—because they didn't know he had $7,000 saved up and most of them didn't know he had a son. Kimball, who was an attendant at the filling station in Riverton, had saved his money but had not boasted about it. When Jack Peters, the gunman, came up to the filling station one nightly recently and demanded all the money there was in the place, Kimball wasn't inclined to hand it over. He resisted, and Peters shot him dead.

Not long after the funeral the surprising contents of the Kimball will became public. Kimball evidently had quarreled with his son, John T. Kimball, whose present whereabouts are unknown, for the father cut him off with ten dollars, and left all the rest of his estate, comprising $7,000, mostly in cash, to his dog, Tuffy.

Tuffy is not any particular kind of a dog, but Kimball had had him twelve years, since he was a puppy, and evidently held more affection for him than he had for his wandering son. The will provides that the dog must be cared for properly the rest of his life, on the income from the $7,000, and must have a good home, good food, kind treatment and a decent burial when he dies.

Mrs. Maude Livingston, a neighbor, is made guardian of the dog, and in payment for her kind treatment of Tuffy she is to inherit the remainder of the estate when Tuffy dies.

"Mr. Kimball was fond of my little boy, Maxie," said Mrs. Livingston, "and I think that is the principal reason he left the dog for me to take care of. I was as much surprised as anybody else when I learned he had left all that money to me just in return for taking care of Tuffy. I would have given Tuffy a good home without any reward, for he is a sweet old dog and my baby is fond of him. I will certainly see that he wants for nothing, and that he gets just as good treatment as he would get if poor Mr. Kimball were still alive."

The interest on $7,000 at savings bank rates will provide Tuffy with $23.33 worth of dog meat every month, and he can almost afford to have porterhouse steak every day if he wants it. However, Tuffy is a very old, gray dog, and his teeth are not so good, and care will have to be taken to give him a balanced diet of meat and vegetables. Mrs. Livingston purposes to buy some nice, warm blankets for him to sleep on, and to keep a fire going in his room all night, so he will not be chilled and get rheumatism.

Meanwhile the man who killed Tuffy's master is in jail at Columbus, Kansas, awaiting trial on a charge of murder.

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Ex-Mrs. Dahlberg's Troublesome Family Tree

Chicago's Fashionable Society, Whom She Called "Washtub Aristocracy," and Who Countered By Whispering That She Had Imported a Spanish Princess As a Social Stepladder, Interested in Why She Refuses to Pay a Paltry $1,700 for Having Her Own Ancestry Traced Back to William the Conqueror

Mrs. Frank Townley Brown, Rival Society Leader, Who Sued Mrs. Dahlberg for $200,000 for Alleging That Mrs. Brown Wrote "Poison Pen" Letters Calling the Princess a "Royal Four-Flush" and the Dahlbergs "Social Crashers."

Princess Marie de Bourbon, of Spain, Whom Mrs. Dahlberg Invited Over to Help Her in Her Social Conquest, and Wouldn't Let Those That She Didn't Like Either Visit Her or Be Visited by Her.

The Former Mrs. Dahlberg, Who So Offended Chicago's Fashionable Society and Who Wanted a Gilt-Edged Ancestry for Herself and Her Husband to Show How Much Better Bred They Were.

Mr. Dahlberg (Whose Ancestry Could Only Be Traced Back to a Humble Auditor in 1626) With His Second Wife, Who, Unlike Her Predecessor, Considers Chicago Good Enough for Her.

The Little Camp in the Woods at Rainey Lake, Minnesota, Where the Dahlbergs Entertained the Princess and Where Nobody Could Reach Her Without Special Invitation.

"AND pray, who is Mrs. Bror G. Dahlberg?"

This was the "mean" answer of Chicago society leaders to that lovely lady's famous but also "mean" assertion that they were a "washtub aristocracy."

Charming Mrs. Dahlberg could reply that she was the wife of the president of the Celotex Company, at that time a rich man, able to pay for more extravagant dinners and entertainments than most people, besides importing, at great expense, a genuine, bona-fide Spanish Princess whom the Dahlbergs kept on an island to be exhibited only to their friends. They might have charged admission, but they didn't.

However, Mrs. Dahlberg knew that was not what they meant. These social leaders were inquiring about her ancestors and she must prove that none of them had ever bent over a board to scrub for the family. For years she had been striving vainly to be accepted by this same Chicago high-society, but now that she had decided that after all they were not worth bothering with, she must answer that question or some small-minded person would surely shout, "Sour grapes."

So she gave the job to the American Historical Society. This organization has agents all over Europe, mostly retired ministers who can read Latin and know their way around in libraries, monasteries and grave yards.

After a year's labor, these heraldic sleuths delivered a report that she was descended from William the Conqueror, Robert the Bruce, heroic King of Scotland, a bunch of nobles, including the Viscount of Canada, the Baron of Nova Scotia and a gross of more or less aristocratic Honorables and Reverends, with no "washtub taint" anywhere.

To the average common person this imposing line of mouldering crowns, coronets and high hats might seem a pedigree before which Chicago or any other society must bow in awe and well worth the Historical Society's bill of $1,700, considering that it included a somewhat less exalted pedigree for Bror himself as well as several hand-painted coats of arms to hang on the walls and give guests an inferiority complex.

Yet neither of the Dahlbergs was satisfied with the line-up, and the bill was not paid, which caused the facts to come out recently when the Historical Society brought suit in the Chicago Municipal Court. One trouble was that remote ancestors, no matter how high and mighty, are not at all exclusive, in fact they are quite common, which spoils their value for social and high-hatting purposes.

The truth is, of course, that everyone has royal blood, also plenty of beggar, thief, cutthroat, dumbbell and roughneck blood not mentioned in genealogies. Everyone has just two parents, but four grandparents, eight great-grandparents and so on, the number doubling with each generation until a person of English descent can figure more ancestors a few centuries back than there were Englishman at that time. This is accounted for by the fact that many descendants have intermarried.

Why pay for a William the Conqueror and a Robert the Bruce when probably the Italian plumber had the blood of half a dozen Caesars in his veins, but only charged the union scale. And certainly the carpenter with an English name was descended from the Royal Plantaganets which produced the heavyweight champion of his day, Richard the Lion Heart? There were lots of those Plantaganets, they travelled extensively and appear to have been good "mixers."

What was worse, there was a gap of two centuries between the last of those noble dignitaries and the first of Mrs. Dahlberg's authenticated, modern forebears. If she bought and exhibited that family tree, some disgusting person would surely point out that anything can happen in 200 years. That blue-blooded strain, already sadly diluted, might have died out entirely so that the line that emerged from the obscurity may have had an entirely different breed which, for all anyone could prove, possibly were "wash-tubbers." The perfect, ideal thing, is, like the Prince of Wales, to have a reigning king for a father and only share him with a few brothers and sisters. That is really exclusive.

Mrs. Dahlberg had seen the value of immediate ancestors in settling unpleasant arguments. When she was showing off the Princess Marie de Bourbon, some lady, probably a direct descendant of Doubting Thomas, asserted publicly that the visitor was only a "Royal four-flush." Mrs. Dahlberg promptly obtained a document with seal and ribbons, duly sworn to by the Spanish Embassy at Washington, guaranteeing that Her Royal Highness was the genuine article, a second cousin to King Alfonso, at that time still sitting pretty on the throne of Spain—well, anyway, he was still sitting on it. That silenced Mrs. D. Thomas.

Of course, Mrs. Dahlberg did not expect them to do anything so nice as that for her. Even to bring up such aged fruit as they did, the historical grubbers had to crawl down three of her ancestral trees, those of the Alexander, O'Hair and the large and celebrated Lee families of the South, all belonging to her heredity.

The society, after what Attorney Randolph Bohrer says was an arduous year of research work, presented the ambitious Mrs. Dahlberg with two brightly colored coats-of-arms, representing the Alexander and O'Hair families, and a genealogy covering the Alexander, O'Hair and Lee families. For the family crests they asked $400 each. The balance of the $1,700 payment, of which they are demanding through a Chicago municipal court, represented work done not only for Mrs. Dahlberg, but for Mr. Dahlberg. The latter, by the way, was presented with only one family crest at a cost of $400. The two family histories were traced at a cost of $500, thus bringing the total to $1,700.

When a typewritten copy of the genealogy for Mr. Dahlberg was presented to him for approval he read it through like a business report—and grunted—the society complains. Then he said something to the effect it was a great disappointment and he didn't want it.

According to Mrs. Dahlberg-Chapin's attornies, Samuel Rinella and Joseph Barbera, Mrs. Dahlberg had not minded so much the results of her own sketch, because the Lee and Alexander and O'Hair families had been written up before. All she had wanted was a few more recent plums on the tree.

The society had only worked Mr. Dahlberg back to 1625. There are comparatively few venerable whiskers on the surname Dahlberg, the first known being Jons Ericksson Dahlberg, an accountant who collected government revenue in Sweden in 1626. The one noble they had unearthed was a Swedish count—Count Erik Dahlberg, famous as an army engineer in the Polish wars under Charles X, who had led the Swedish army in a renowned crossing of the "frozen belt" on the march from Sweden into Poland. This feat the Count accomplished when the king himself got cold feet.

The Count was a famous person, all right, because he appeared in the Encyclopedia. But then the society lost the trail and did not pick it up again until about 100 years later with Mr. Dahlberg's great grandfather, a well-to-do land owner of Sweden.

Upon the payment of $400, Mr. Dahlberg was to receive with this genealogy the Dahlberg coat-of-arms "a lion rampant, azure crowned, holding arms sinister bendwise." This was to be done up handsomely in gold and silver paint and presented in recognition of the brave deeds of Count Erik Dahlberg.

The manufacturer expressed himself as being pleased that Count Erik was on his family tree; but, being a shrewd business man, he wanted more proof. He wanted to see the count tied there a little more firmly by means of actual descendants. That 100-year-gap ought be filled in. It might reveal washtubs.

What the report lacked in glittering ancestors it partly made up by a pleasant account of what Bror himself had achieved, rising from elevator boy to a captain of industry, but this left the customer cold. For several years he had been one of the most systematically press-agented individuals in the country and liked his own write-ups better.

It is said that in the course of the argument he called the society's beautiful, deluxe set of "American Families," bound in full-crushed levant and limited to only 100 copies, "a mug book." Of course, it is as far as possible from anything of the kind. A "mug book" is one of those publications sold by high-pressure door-bell ringers to obscure persons who are willing to pay a fancy price for the pleasure of seeing a printed picture of themselves with a delightful, though somewhat imaginative biography to read to their astonished friends.

Before the case reached trial, Nature had taken its up-to-date course. The Dahlbergs had been divorced, both had remarried and while the Historical Society was suing the former Mrs. Dahlberg, she was in another Chicago court suing her husband to collect $41,250 back alimony, though she was the wife of the millionaire artist, Huntley Chapin. Bror said that his various interests had "gone haywire" during the depression, making him virtually a poor man, who had all he could do to support his present spouse. He argued that the present husband, who is eight years younger than his bride and a strong young man even if he did get mysteriously shot in the foot on his honeymoon, ought to take care of their Mary out of the million his father, a public utilities magnate of Buffalo, New York, recently bequeathed him.

Mrs. Dahlberg-Chapin thought that irrelevant and immaterial, and asserted that he had plenty of money salted away.

This made Bror so indignant that he promptly threw a legal and social bombshell which caused his former wife to hit the courtroom ceiling.

Mrs. Dahlberg had not come into this court of equity with clean hands, Dahlberg's counsel charged. Mrs. Dahlberg had no legal claim on the Dahlberg finances because she was never legally married to the manufacturer when she went through a marriage ceremony with him in 1921.

It was charged that she was still married to another when she consented to help Bror spend his fortune. But the perfectly awful part was that this alleged first husband was John Marcus, associate of gangsters and bootleggers in Cleveland, who since has been "bumped off." Bootleggers and gangsters have become rich and powerful but their social standing is still zero. The "wash-tub aristocracy" could hardly be blamed for laughing as loud as is permissible in high society.

The situation in the courtroom, however, was so painful that the humane judge called the principals and their lawyers into his private chambers. What happened therein is not a matter of public record. But when he emerged Dahlberg's counsel triumphantly announced that a settlement had been made and it wasn't for $41,250. The figure was under $2,500, he said.

Mrs. Dahlberg-Chapin did not look so happy, and she took the occasion publicly to kick from her family tree the corpse of the gangster her ex-husband had hung in it. She denied having married Marcus, who had a dozen aliases, but she reluctantly admitted having known the man under the name of Martin.

Though most of Chicago's society leaders merely smiled at Mrs. Dahlberg's remarks, one of them, Mrs. Frank Townley Brown became so "hopping mad" that she brought a $200,000 suit for defamation of character against William the Conqueror's descendant. It was not the washtub accusation which "burned up" Mrs. Brown but the alleged statement that she had been writing "poison-pen" letters.

At the time the Dahlbergs had their Spanish Princess parked in their island home on Rainey Lake, Minnesota, a lot of miserable persons wrote anonymous letters to the papers, calling the Dahlbergs, "social gate-crashers" and making out that the Princess was only a "circus stunt" to get Mrs. Dahlberg's face into the papers and help Bror unload some Florida land on which her highness was to dedicate a church he had built. This Bror denied, saying the only property he had in Florida was a couple of thousand acres of sugar-cane land which he had no intention of selling.

Those were unbearable things to say of a woman with high social ambitions and, naturally, Mrs. Dahlberg was beside herself with fury. Mrs. Brown stated that in one of Mrs. Dahlberg's outbursts on the subject she accused Mrs. Brown of being the author of some of them. The case has not been settled yet.

Mrs. Dahlberg-Chapin has abandoned society to go literary and artistic. Those circles do not have to be "crashed."

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How "Cultivated" Are Your Neighbors?

Take a Look Around Their Living Rooms—and Prof. Chapin of the University of Minnesota Explains Just How to Rate Them by Their Chairs, Rugs, Books, Pictures, and Kind of Music They Like

Even in Sports Ideas of What Is "Culture" Have Changed. Nowadays in America and England Polo Is Considered the Star Game of Culture and Fashion, but Back in the Early Nineteenth Century All "Cultured" People Were Expected to Enjoy This Game of Three-Sticks. The Drawing Is One of a Series of "Bird's-Eye Views of Society," by the Famous English Cartoonist of the Time, Richard Doyle, and His Caption, "A MORNING PARTY. Showing the Nobility and Gentry Playing the Fashionable Game of the Period."

Culture in the First Bathrooms Was Shown by Stern Simplicity.

ARE you more or less "cultivated" than your neighbors?

This formerly has always been a matter of agreement and personal opinion, but at last a yardstick has been devised by which the height or depth of culture in any home may be measured quite definitely.

Professor F. Stuart Chapin, Chairman of the Department of Sociology at the University of Minnesota, now presents what he calls "A Social Status Scale."

With the aid of this scientific scoring system, anyone can go into her neighbor's living room and, by giving a hard look around, calculate rapidly just how Mrs. Jones stands, culturally.

"Almost everyone is jealous of his social status and will put up a struggle to maintain it," says Professor Chapin. "But just what is social status?"

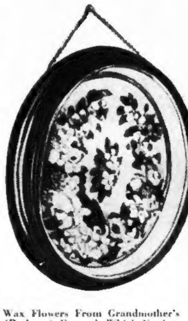
In a 16-page pamphlet issued by The University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis, the professor begins with the following mathematical ratings of fixtures and furnishings of the living room:

1. Floor—
   Softwood 1, hardwood 2, composition 3, stone 4.
2. Floor covering—
   Composition 1, carpet 2, small rugs 3, large rug 4, Oriental rug 6.
3. Wall covering—
   Paper 1, kalsomine 2, plain paint 3, decorative paint 4, wooden panels 5.
4. Woodwork—
   Painted 1, varnished 2, stained 3, oiled 4.
5. Door protection—
   Screen 1, storm door 1.
6. Windows—
   1 each window.
7. Window protection—
   Screen, blind, netting, storm sash, awning, shutter, 1 each.
8. Window covering—
   Shades 1, curtains 2, drapes 3.
9. Fireplace—
   Imitation 1, gas 2, wood 4, coal 4.
10. Fire utensils—
    Andirons, screen, poker, tongs, shovel, brush, hod, basket, rack, 1 each.
11. Heat—
    Stove 1, hot air 2, steam 3, hot water 4.
12. Artificial light—
    Kerosene 1, gas 2, electric 3.
13. Artificial ventilators 1.
14. Clothes closets 1.
15. Table—
    Sewing 1, writing 1, card, library, end, tea, 2 each.
16. Chair—
    Straight, rocker, arm chair, high chair, 1 each.
17. Stool or bench—
    High stool, footstool, piano stool, piano bench, 1 each.
18. Couch—
    Cot 1, sanitary couch 2, chaise longue 3, daybed 4, davenport 5, bed-davenport 6.
19. Desk—
    Business 1, personal social 2.
20. Book cases 1.
21. Wardrobe or movable cabinet 1.
22. Sewing cabinet 1.
23. Sewing machine—
    Hand power 1, foot power 2, electric 3.
24. Rack or stand 1.
25. Screen 1.
26. Chests 1.
27. Music cabinet 1.

There are other points, however, to be considered. One is the cleanliness of the room and the furnishings. Another is the orderliness of the room and the furnishings. Third, the condition of repair of the articles and furnishings. Then one must record his general impression of good taste. If the room "seems bizarre, clashing, inharmonious or offensive," then deduct four points; if "drab and monotonous," deduct two points. A spotty or stained room takes off four points, a dusty room takes off two points. But a spotless and dustless room adds two points.

It is not meant that a sewing machine, even of the most expensive kind, in the parlor is proof of culture, but this, like some other articles in Professor Chapin's long list is to be scored in whatever room it is found. Most people will, perhaps, not be surprised to learn that a large Oriental rug outranks all other floor coverings. Yet recently broadloom carpets have become expensive and more in vogue than small rugs.

Few would dispute that steam heat is more "cultured" than the old rusty stove but why is the heat from a hot water system more elevating aesthetically than from steam? Also the professor should have ranked the pipeless furnace and handed down a decision between coal and old burners and between the oil furnace that soots up the whole neighborhood as against one that does not. It would likewise be interesting to know whether wax on the shellacked floor also adds a social polish.



Wax Flowers From Grandmother's (Perhaps) Funeral, Which Used to Be a Prominent Decoration in the Parlors of Most Cultured Americans, but Are Given No Points for Culture Today.

Photo CULVER SERVICE

During the Latter Part of the Nineteenth Century No Cultured Home Was Complete Without a Group of the Rogers Statuary—and Prof. Chapin Gives One Point for Each Statue (Not Specifically Rogers) in a Modern Home.

The Old Melodeon, an Incontestable Evidence of Culture During the Nineteenth Century, and Prof. Chapin Gives for Today's Culture Five Points for Its Successor, the Piano, but Only One Point for an Organ, a Violin and All Other Hand Instruments.

The old folks will be grateful to see that the old-fashioned, comfortable rocking chair, is just as good as any other. They now have scientific authority for making the young folks dust it off and bring it back from the attic. These youngsters may also be puzzled to learn that a davenport bed is twice as cultured as the chaise longue, in spite of its French name.

An ordinary business desk counts only one, but if the desk is a rather fancy affair and evidently is used for monogrammed stationery and replying to invitations to be an "honorary hostess" (and to contribute a check in payment for this social honor) then a "personal-social" desk counts two.

In case of tie, Mrs. Smith can win by adding a few more lamps in the living room where, since there is no mention of any limit, each one adds one point to the total culture. Or she can buy a "flock of candle holders" because each one is as good as a lamp.

Every book on poetry, history, drama, biography, philosophy, religion and art, whether anyone ever opens them or not, ranks the same as the dictionary, the atlas, the encyclopedia and fiction, one-fifth of a point per volume. The professor scorns to mention the impressive trick of filling book cases with fake books.

There are three grades of culture in the telephone. The ordinary apartment house switchboard connection counts 1, a two-party line counts 2 and a one party-line 3. The telephone company would probably say that an extension ought to count 4. A similar gradation appears in radio. The cheap crystal set is credited with one point, one-tube 2, two-tube 3, three-tube 4, five-tube and up 5.

In the department of music there are some interesting classifications. A piano counts 5, whether played or not, an organ only 1. What seems rather astonishing is that the violin and all other instruments have a valuation of just 1. The violin is supposed is be as high artistically as the piano and violinists get as high pay as pianists, also they wear their hair as long. Yet the fiddle wins no more credit aesthetically than a saxophone which is also technically a musical instrument.

Mechanical players stand as follows: music box 1, phonograph 2, player-organ 3, player-piano 4, and even the phonograph records are classified. For every record of voice (whether crooner or grand opera), chorus, duet, quartet, instrumental, band, or orchestra, score one-tenth of a point, except jazz records which are worth only one one-hundredth of a point.

Points are deducted for dirt, untidiness, rips and tears and articles out of place. Extra credit is given for harmony and the right sort of atmosphere, but the scale might have made other deductions for such nuisances as photographs of unattractive boys at various ages and stages of becoming a public menace and which visitors are forced to view and admire.

Of course there was no need to mention the almost unmentionable cuspidor because everyone knows that this coarse, common and vulgar article of furniture is culturally taboo. Yet it is an example of how culture changes. Abraham Lincoln had several in the White House and he called them "spittoons." For this some people criticized him, not asserting that they were vulgar but quite the opposite, "high-hat." In those days there was not much sentiment about spitting on the floor, though the more refined people showed their culture by spitting tidily in the corner. Whenever an open fire or hot stove was within range, these became the targets because the results were more interesting.

During prohibition it was evidence of the latest if not perhaps the highest culture to have a private bar with brass rail, beer pump, bung starter, muddler, swinging door and all the other fixings. But, since this form of culture seems to be passing out with the "noble experiment," the professor did not even mention it. In the most elaborate of those private bars, the old-time cuspidor was reappearing and, in time might have crept back to the parlor as an antique, but repeal seems to have prevented it.

The best our pioneer ancestors could do in the way of ceiling beams and floor boards for their homes, was lumber, roughhewn with an adze. As soon as the sawmill and planing mill were set up, everyone agreed that such rough work was crude and that only neatly "dressed" wood should appear to the eye. Now, in building certain types of homes, workmen are paid to trim the lumber that comes neat and perfectly sawed from the mill and with an old-fashioned adze hack it into an uncouth appearance that would have made an old Indian fighter ashamed of his homestead.

This for the moment, has become cultured as against the mathematically perfect product of the mill. As a general rule the imperfect hand job has higher "cultural" value and therefore cash value than the perfect machine job. Therefore, in turning out machine-made metal "antiques" it is customary to take a hammer and batter culture into them.

The more obsolete and useless an article is, the more culture its possession indicates, and the best is one that is utterly useless. When old fashioned windmills were practical and valuable, like furnace and garbage cans, nobody thought of them as decorative. Now that they are an anachronism, rich men build Dutch windmills to add an extra touch of culture to their estates.

Today the great, round gas tanks which rise in various parts of big cities are looked upon as eyesores. Quite likely when gas has been displaced by radium stoves or heat waves from a central station, engineers, in laying out the "city beautiful" of the future, will take space and money to put in a fake gas tank.

Only about three generations ago, when horses not only provided horse power but the only means of land transportation, stables were looked upon as smelly but necessary evils, to be hidden behind the house and as far as possible out of sight and smell. Now that the horse is utterly useless to the average person, millionaires point with pride to their stables de luxe as proof of culture. An old spinning wheel, being 100 per cent useless, outranks in cultural value an old grandfather's clock, because some of the old timepieces can still be made to run. If history of "cultivation" repeats itself fifty years from now, "genuine, authentic" wheelbarrows will decorate living rooms—that is, unless they are still useful in cultivating the garden. Perhaps the chief handicap of the cultureless cuspidor as a parlor antique is the possibility that some neighbor might be mean enough to suggest that it was being useful as well as ornamental.

Culture in the first bathrooms was shown by stern simplicity. The bathtub and other fixtures were encased in sombre wood. Then came tiled floor and walls, open plumbing, openly arrived at and porcelain fixtures instead of the copper tub and bowl whose bright nickel plate quickly disappeared.

At first the porcelain was of purest white, but in recent years bathroom culture is expressed by all the colors of the rainbow. Professor Chapin should reveal which is more "cultivated," a bathroom of cinnamon and black or a "symphony in peach," and how many points one scores by having a large mirror beside the tub, that the bather may watch herself while performing that personal chore.

The main objection to this Social Status Scale seems to be that after all anyone can have it who can pay for it. For instance, old Jackson Barnett, a blanket Indian who could neither read nor write, but had become very rich because oil was found on his land, could have had a home showing 100 per cent perfection in culture.

Any architect would have designed him a palace without a cultural flaw and most of the big department stores would have filled his house with painfully correct "period" furniture and a fashionable tailor would have filled his closets with perfectly-fitting clothes, covering every possible occasion. All he need have done was say to these specialists:

"Me got plenty wampum—want heap culture."

It is to be regretted that Professor Chapin did not evaluate in terms of culture, the exterior of the house. How does a brick and stone veneer compare with clapboards or stucco, a slate roof with shingles, copper gutters and leaders with galvanized ones, a brick walk as against slate slabs, a blue spruce compared with a red maple?

But here again a savage with a bank account like that of the late Mr. Barnett could have more culture visible from the road, than could most any college professor. A few well-chosen grunts about wampum spoken in the ear of a landscape gardener would bring all the latest culture of the vegetable kingdom.

When Professor Chapin first undertook the task of formulating a social scale calculator he considered not only the living room and its furnishings, but income, material possessions, participation in community affairs, such as club memberships, and other matters. It was found, however, that the living room and its furnishings followed these other items so closely that it was not necessary to know anything more about Mrs. Jones than could be taken in during a casual visit to her home.

Since its origination, the professor's social scale calculator has been put into use in Minneapolis in connection with the adoption of babies from the children's homes. Investigators sent to the homes of applicants for a baby for adoption carried the social calculator with them and used it to help determine whether these prospective foster parents would properly care for a child if one was given them.

Because it originated in Minneapolis, and because it has been tested there, it is to be assumed that Professor Chapin's short cut to culture is fairly widely known there. But it is not known whether the furniture stores have benefited from it, or just how many otherwise beautiful friendships may have been shattered when Mrs. Jones, with her trusty social calculator in hand, went to visit Mrs. Smith, only to discover that the Professor's guide showed Mrs. Smith to be more cultured than she was herself.

Since history has the bad habit of repeating itself, someone should write a book dating the comings and goings of past items of culture. Half a century ago there was to be seen the floral wreath in the glass case in the parlor which had been saved from grandma's funeral, the melodeon which stood in the corner, shiny lithographs on the wall picturing current events, and the worthy horse-hair furniture. Later on the groups of Rogers statuary and the stereoscope pushed their way into the parlor, crowding the funeral wreath into the attic along with sampler mottoes which, however, are already coming back. With the aid of such a book, it might be possible to forecast the return of banished articles of culture from attic and cellar, as an astronomer computes the reappearance of a comet.

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Why Scotland Yard "Fired" Its Women Detectives

Unable to Control Their Sympathies, "Vamps" Were "Vamped" Themselves by Designing Crooks, and Even the Dumbest Criminal Couldn't Help Knowing They Were Sleuths—So England's Renowned Institution Drops Them

Miss Emily Kaye and Patrick Mahon Who Murdered Her, and Whose Detection Was Endangered by a Too Emotional Woman Detective Who Confided Everything to Her Sweetheart.

The Yard's Experience with Fascinating Women as Detectives Was Precisely That of the Governments Who Used Them as Spies During the War: They Might Succeed for a While, but Eventually They Were in Turn Ensnared by Fascinating Men and Betrayed Their Governments—The Most Notable Instance Being That of the Spy, Madame Nezie Storch, Whose Picture Is Shown Here.

When a Woman Detective Was Sent to the Scene of One Crime to Extract Information from the Murderer's Sweetheart, Three Scotland Yard Men Came Along Later Expecting That She Had Discovered All the Truth—but When They Opened the Door They Were Dumbfounded to Find the Lady Sleuth Overcome by Emotion and Crying Over the Other Woman, and the Bureau's Men Learned That the Operator Had Told All She Knew Without Getting a Single Bit of Information from the Other.

Vera Sydney, One of Those Killed in the English Croydon Murder Mystery, Which Still Remains One of the Few Failures of Scotland Yard Because of the Inability of the Women Detectives to Successfully Assume Disguises; Below Is a Photograph of One of the Frequent Disinterments of the Bodies of Those Murdered, Which Came to Nothing.

LONDON, Sept. 1.

SCOTLAND YARD says that the lady detective is no good because she does not get her man nor her woman either. In fact the feminine sleuth has proved such a disappointment that the world's most famous criminal catching organization recently disbanded its corps of female "dicks."

As a bloodhound, woman has failed for many reasons, Scotland Yard executives explained, but chiefly for one which almost nobody would have guessed—her famous woman's intuition.

Intuition may be highly efficient in a wife for detecting that her husband has been out with a blonde, but somehow it does not work at all in catching murderers or swindlers, burglars, counterfeiters and forgers.

Another unforeseen weakness is that Scotland Yard found it almost impossible to disguise a woman detective so that everyone would not recognize her for just what she was, as far as she could be seen. This was a surprise to the average married man who usually is hardly able to recognize his own wife, after a beauty parlor has worked on her face and hair an hour or two and she has further disguised herself in a new-style suit and bonnet.

Scotland Yard was asked why it had not engaged young and ravishingly beautiful creatures, like the international spies who certainly do not look like woman detectives. These irresistible beauties ought to be able to vamp the master criminals right into the arms of the law. The reply from the head of the C. I. D. (Criminal Investigations Department) was that it had tried that.

And when all else goes well, it seems that a woman detective's emotions are likely to overcome her at any moment, even when she is working on one of her own sex. For example:

Scotland Yard had long known that in about nine out of ten big jewel robberies, the plunder was disposed of through Kammy Grizzard. Worse than that, they were aware that he planned and financed them as well, but always so adroitly that no evidence could be pinned on him. Finally the $650,000 Mayer pearl necklace theft was so bold and ingenious that all England was agog with it and the Yard knew it must do something.

Mayer, a big London jeweler, with offices in other countries, sent the necklace from Paris to his London shop by registered mail. It arrived on time, the package was absolutely correct in weight, size, shape, and the paper in which it was wrapped, the seal on the wax was right and had not been disturbed. But inside, instead of the pearls were a few pieces of sugar.

Scotland Yard guessed that it must be a Grizzard job and soon learned exactly how the trick had been done but, as usual, that information was of little help in connecting Kammy with the deed.

Kammy's agents in Paris had bribed someone to let them get hold of the seal long enough to have a duplicate made, also in the same manner they learned the size, weight and general description of the package, as well as what mail it would be on. This, no doubt, was telephoned to Kammy's agents in London.

The postman, on his way to Mayer, had another package to deliver first. It was for a small office and the postman did not know that it had opened only that morning and would close up forever about one minute after he left. He remembered that there was much fuss about finding a pen and ink for the receipt, that ink was spilled on his trousers and a great to-do about getting it off. During the excitement someone took the genuine Mayer package, substituting the one with the sugar. Scotland Yard determined to get Kammy this time at any cost but obviously that wary fish must be caught with some brand-new sort of bait.

Here, if ever, was the chance to use the lures of a beautiful vamp and they tried one. Her employers made it very easy, inventing a plausible background and supplying the right sort of introduction. All the siren had to do was make Kammy give her some piece of stolen jewelry. This would be identified and at last they would have the goods on the slippery "fence."

Their hired beauty brought in plentiful results. Every few days she showed Scotland Yard a new diamond, pearl or ruby which Kammy had given her but, to the amazement of the detectives, these gems proved all to have been bought and paid for with the most painful legitimacy. The lovely creature also brought them information of where and when Kammy would be found receiving stolen goods. But when the trap was sprung somehow the sleuths got nothing out of it. After a few weeks of this, some male operators were sent to shadow that vamp—and was Scotland Yard's face red! The vamp had fallen in love with Kammy and the two were having a lovely time making fools of that great bureau.

There was nothing to do but go back to old-fashioned detective methods. Male operators in most every conceivable disguise were sent to get within ear-shot of Kammy and his lieutenants, all in vain. Finally what is considered one of the most ingenious disguises of all time was invented. A Scotland Yard detective made himself up as an ordinary "Bobbie," a London uniformed policeman.

Kammy knew that no man in uniform would be set on his trail, nor would be familiar enough with the inside of the necklace case to understand anything he might overhear, provided ordinary prudence was exercised. This disguised detective caught just enough to "collar" one of Kammy's lieutenants with three of the pearls on him. The lieutenant implicated Kammy who at last went to prison.

An outstanding case proving the inborn weakness of the woman detective or spy was Madame Nezie Storch, who did some deadly work for Germany during the war. A beautiful, talented and alluring woman of Turkish nationality, she married Captain Paul Storch, a French army officer, who was attached to the French Embassy at Constantinople just before the war.

The German Secret Service, seeing that she had an admiring train of officers around her, hired her as a spy. For a time she seemed to make good, secured Russian war plans for Hindenburg and helped him defeat them. She brought ruin and death on many of the officers whom she betrayed. Her husband was disgraced, and an intimate, Baron de Beville, shot.

Then the United States became the critical war center, and she was sent there with large funds to glean information about troop movements. It was then that the fatal weakness of the woman spy showed itself—that there is always some man to whom she will give away her secrets. While staying at the Biltmore Hotel, in New York, she made the acquaintance of William Halsted Vander Poel, a good-looking young man of high social position.

With absolute recklessness she revealed to him that she had been gathering information about American troop movements. Unknown to her he had just joined the Army Intelligence Service, and he had no choice but to report her activities to his superiors. She was arrested and ordered deported to France, as her most serious acts were concerned with that country. Faced with the fate of Mata Hari, she died miserably in her New York prison.

Many people, the world over, still remember the Croydon murder mysteries which startled England in 1929. Scotland Yard will never forget them because in spite of its uttermost efforts they remain unsolved. Somebody, using arsenic, managed to murder Mrs. Violet Sydney, her daughter Vera, and her son-in-law, Edmund Creighton Duff.

Faced with a mass of conflicting evidence, throwing suspicion on many persons in the neighborhood of the crime, it was decided to set a lot of women at work as gossip-catchers to see if they could dig up some new facts or hints of them.

Acting on the same lines as with men detectives, who have at times to take all kinds of jobs in order to pick up clues and information by gossip, these women detectives were instructed to take up situations in various places around Croydon. One woman took a post as a barmaid; another as a charwoman; one as a nurse; and another as a domestic servant.

Here, according to a highly placed ex-official of Scotland Yard, is what happened in the case of each: The barmaid was sacked from her job because customers complained that she talked to them of nothing but the poisoning mystery and seemed quite incapable of serving them properly. Asked for "bitter," which means in England draught beer, she gave several customers Angostura bitters. The climax came when she airily chatted to two regular customers one evening about "how easy it would be for a girl in a bar to put poison in the drinks she served."

The "charwoman" resigned because it meant her raking out ashes and carrying slop pails. The "nurse" was given a week's salary and a moment's notice, because she spent her entire time gossiping about the Sydney affair with tradesmen and neighboring servants, and on one occasion was so busy doing this that she left a child of three alone in a bath where the mother found it nearly drowned. The domestic servant was merely sacked because as a servant she was 100 per cent inefficient.

Mrs. Patrick Mahon, finding a baggage check in her husband's pocket, claimed the trunk it represented, thinking it might contain evidence of another woman. It actually contained the body of Emily Kaye whom Patrick had murdered in a rented bungalow at Eastbourne. Before the authorities were at all sure of their case, they learned that Mahon had taken a Miss Ethel Duncan to that bungalow for a week-end when presumably the third woman's body was still there.

Miss Duncan did not know of the crime yet, and the idea was to draw as much information as possible from the girl, without letting her suspect. For this delicate job, it seemed that a woman would be best fitted and it was given to a lady detective. For two hours the two were left together and then three hard-boiled male operators peeped in to see how they were getting along. What was their disgust to find the woman detective crying over the other woman in her arms.

The woman detective had told the other all about the murder and not gotten a single crumb of information in return. Just emotion.

In the grill room of the Savoy at London, a high official of the Yard, heard a couple of Americans addressing someone as "Lady Marcia." Glancing at their table he recognized "Her Ladyship" as an international swindler who had always been a little too clever to get caught. The detective listened long enough to learn that the Americans were to visit "Lady Marcia" and her brother, "Lord Somebody," for a week-end at Maidenhead.

Scenting a large-sized swindle, he sent a lady detective, just the ideal person because she was a society woman in straitened circumstances. She took a room at Maidenhead and went to a week-end club where she heard the Americans and their hosts were spending the evening. There with a speed and efficiency worthy of Sherlock Holmes she learned the whole scheme.

"Lady Marcia" had managed to rent for a week a big mansion. It was stocked with fine old furniture and here and there with what seemed to be priceless antiques. And the idea behind it all was that Lady Marcia was going to sell, through her lawyer—who was one of her confederates—the whole house, lock, stock, and barrel, ignoring such a trifle as the fact that it did not belong to her. But she would be well away before the American buyer discovered that the title-deeds were just waste paper.

Now instead of consulting Scotland Yard, the woman detective set out to tackle the job herself. She did so by getting in touch with two of the servants who, she was told, were of the staff of the rightful owner and had been left with the house.

So she told them who she was and how she wanted them to report to her what was going on. She made one mistake. There were two genuine servants staying in the house. But they were not these two. She had got the descriptions wrong and the pair to whom she had confided her plans were members of the gang of "Lady Marcia."

For three days, these "servants" kept the self-satisfied female detective primed with just the information "Lady Marcia" chose to hand out. On the fourth day, Lady Marcia and her brother were back in London, the house "sold," and the woman-sleuth didn't even know they had left the charming river residence.

So the Yard decided they'd had enough.

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Outlaw Floyd's Mother Has His Grave All Ready

Dillinger and Barrow Wiped Out, but "Pretty Boy," Oklahoma's Killer, With 10 Murders and 100 Bank Robberies for His Record, Still Defies an Army of State and Federal Officers Yet Old Mrs. Floyd Knows What His End Must Be and Agrees That He Deserves It

Mrs. Floyd, the Stern, Religious Old Mother of "Pretty Boy," Who Has Everything Ready in the Family Graveyard for Her Son, Who She Believes Will Come Back to Her Only as a Bullet-Riddled Body.

Charles ("Pretty Boy") Floyd, the Oklahoma Desperado, Who Ranked Equal With the Late Clyde Barrow and John ("Snake-Eye") Dillinger as a Cold-Blooded Murderer and Resourceful Bandit.

Beulah Baird, the Sweetheart of "Pretty Boy," Whom He Deserted During a Street Battle With Officers in Ohio, Leaving Her Badly Wounded.

Mrs. Ruby Floyd, the Wife of "Pretty Boy," With Their Nine-Year-Old Son, Jackie. Mrs. Floyd Is Lecturing on "Why Crime Does Not Pay" to Get Funds to Defend Her Husband When He Is Caught—If He Is Caught Alive.

TULSA, Oklahoma, Aug. 29

WITH desperado John ("Snake-Eye") Dillinger riddled with bullets, Clyde Barrow, Texas outlaw, shot to pieces, there remains "Pretty Boy" Floyd, who is a bandit in the same class as Barrow and Dillinger, and apparently too clever for the hundreds of detectives of the United States Department of Justice. Floyd is hiding in the wild lands of Oklahoma. He knows every foot of the country, has friends everywhere among the rough natives, and the county, State and Federal officers have no stomach for poking their noses into this hideout. He has robbed 100 banks and killed eight or ten persons who got in his way.

In the helplessness of the Department of Justice detectives to get their hands on Dillinger or Floyd, Congress was asked to pass a law allowing the United States Attorney-General to issue a reward of $25,000 for any criminal who was too smart for the department to run down. It was hoped that a huge sum like this would tempt some friend of Dillinger to "turn him in."

And that is what happened. For months Government detectives by the dozen had been hunting for the desperado—not a trace of him was found. Dillinger was living in Chicago, went where he pleased, attended the movies with his friends, but the Department of Justice men there had no idea of where he was. Then the reward was offered and one day a message came to the bewildered detectives that if they would stand out in front of Dillinger's favorite movie theatre they would see him attend the performance as usual. The detectives followed the tip, shot Dillinger, and the reward will be paid

The people of Oklahoma and neighboring States who have been sorely tormented by "Pretty Boy" Floyd's raids are now waiting to see whether the Attorney-General will dangle a similar reward before the eyes of the mountaineer acquaintances of the outlaw. The big money reward brought the helpless detectives to Dillinger; perhaps a reward will end Floyd's career in the same way.

Charley Floyd is now living, in complete disguise as a mountain farmer, somewhere in the fastnesses of the Cookson hills of Eastern Oklahoma. He is surrounded by old friends, and he can never be located unless he chooses to come out and surrender—or is betrayed.

Outlaw Floyd's mother says the only good outlaw is a dead outlaw and she is preparing to bury him as such. Although other members of the Floyd family think he has a good chance to reform, Mrs. Mayme Floyd, the 55-year-old widowed mother of this notorious desperado, sincerely believes that the only way Charley will ever return to her is in a casket. So she has made ready his grave in the little cemetery at Akins and will lay Charley away besides her husband, Walter F. Floyd.

Eight years ago Walter Floyd was killed in a mountain feud, and James Mills, a neighbor, was cleared of the shooting. Later Mills mysteriously disappeared. To avenge the law Charley Floyd is believed by many to have decided upon some killing himself.

Now the mother is patiently waiting, and feels that it will not be long, before she will weep again in the lonely Akins graveyard when another of her loved ones will be lowered into the ready clay. Mrs. Floyd is deeply religious, a worker in the Baptist church. She is a firm believer in retribution and is willing that the activities of her son should be expiated with his life.

On the other hand, while "Pretty Boy" Floyd's mother is to receive the body of her son in a casket, his Indian wife, Ruby Floyd, is making the fight of her life to have him brought face to face with the law—alive. She wants him to take his punishment like a man

Ruby Floyd is not entirely revengeful; on the contrary she has shown extraordinary loyalty to the man who has for years treated both her and their boy with inconsideration. Ruby Floyd believes that her outlaw spouse has a long time for good behavior ahead of him and that he can atone for five misspent years as a bandit. She and other relatives do not believe that Floyd has committed anything like the number of crimes charged to his account.

Natives in the Oklahoma hills profess not to fear Floyd, but welcome him to their homes because he always leaves a good supply of groceries and cash. Floyd has never lost a motor car to officers in his numerous open battles but that the back end was found packed full of canned goods and merchandise which he was taking to friends in the mountains.

A trip through the Cookson hills to contact Floyd's relatives and visit places where Floyd has been recently might seem to be a hazardous undertaking. Natives assured the writer, a representative of The American Weekly, that should Floyd be encountered at one or another of the places visited there would not be the slightest danger.

"Charley wants to stay right here in these hills. He is not going to shoot anybody unless they come to take him away," said his brother E. W. Floyd, who works in a garage at Sallisaw. Until lately E. W. has been working on a local CWA project and is a mild mannered, good looking young fellow with a good reputation.

Ruby Floyd, the outlaw's wife and the mother of his 9-year-old boy Jack, is part Cherokee Indian. She is 26 years old, weighs 128 pounds, is a very attractive brunette with brown eyes and short brown hair. She is tall and dresses modishly, but inexpensively.

As Floyd has not pulled a bank job since November, 1932, when he stole $800 from the bank at Boley, Okla., and $1,600 from a bank at Sallisaw, he is not supposed to be very flush with money.

While Ruby Floyd is working to arrange a compromise surrender with the Oklahoma authorities, and "Alfalfa Bill" Murray, governor, has stated there will be no compromise, Ruby is not certain she would ever live with Floyd again. Friends of the outlaw's wife stated, however, that whenever "Chuck" calls her she goes. She is said to have refused several large bribes to turn him in.

She is, however, capitalizing her association with him by lecturing in Indian costume with her son Jack, upon the topic of "Why Crime Does Not Pay." They appear with a motion picture showing Jackie being baptized. The money she gets will be used to defend "Pretty Boy" if he is brought in alive.

Charley Floyd, or "Pretty Boy," as he came to be called, was born in Bartow County, Georgia. He is now 29 years old. At the age of five he came to what is now Sequoyah County, Oklahoma, then the Indian Territory, Creek Nation. Charley is the oldest of four sisters, two brothers. For years Floyd's father conducted a small grocery store at Akins.

Floyd quit school when he was in the fourth grade. He married Ruby Hardgrave, the 16-year-old daughter of Ben Hardgrave, Indian ranchman. Floyd and his bride moved into a two-room cabin and he began farming. The soil around Akins is poor, crops were light and when harvest hands were needed in 1925 in Kansas, Floyd answered the call in order to get some ready cash.

Following the harvest, Floyd and Fred Hilderbrand went to St. Louis, pulled a payroll job and drove back to Sallisaw in two new motor cars, pockets lined with cash. Bert Cotton, city marshal then and now, knew the boys did not earn this money in the harvest field so he threw them into jail and later officers at St. Louis came and got them.

This was Floyd's first job, so he said at the time. He was given five years at Jefferson City, and served three. It was "Chuck" Floyd, a wild young Oklahoma roustabout who went into prison, but it was a young man with a criminal mind who came out.

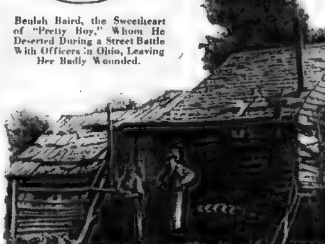
So when Floyd was released, instead of returning to the hills of Oklahoma, he went to Kansas City with another released prisoner, who knew his way about, and the two of them joined the underworld gangsters. At a rooming house he met Beulah Baird, whose sister, Rose Ash, was married to Wallace Ash, a narcotic peddler with a knowledge of the underworld into which Floyd had decided to cast his lot. Beulah was an attractive young woman and she remained with Floyd for some years.

Inasmuch as Ruby and Little Jack were not to be found, Charley returned to Kansas City and soon teamed up with Jim Bradley, a fugitive from several prisons. Early in 1930, the "Pretty Boy," Bradley and Jack Atkins stole a motor car and started East. At Akron, Ohio, they ran through a traffic signal, and Officer H. F. Manes halted them. Thinking he was after them for other crimes Jim Bradley shot and killed the policeman. For this he was sent to the electric chair. Floyd was convicted of robbing a bank at Sylvania, Ohio, and given a 15-year prison term. En route with an officer he leaped through the open window of a moving train and escaped. Finding his way to Toledo he went to a hideout kept by Bill Miller, a desperado. Floyd and Miller began a crime career which lasted for almost two years, or until Miller was killed at Bowling Green, Ohio, and during the shooting Floyd murdered Officer Castner.

Before this happened, however, Miller and Floyd had returned to Kansas City, went to the Ash boarding house and there met Rose Ash, wife of Wallace Ash, as well as renewed acquaintance with Beulah Baird. These two girls were sisters and were anxious for a whirl with some real gunmen. They went away together, which of course set Wallace Ash, and Bill Ash, his brother, against them. The Ash brothers "snitched."

After having pulled a successful bank robbery at Earlsboro, Okla., in March, 1931, Floyd and Miller, with their "molls" returned to Kansas City, with the avowed intention of killing the Ash brothers, whose "snitching" by that time was causing the quartette a lot of dodging from cops.

It was publicly charged by Mrs. Sadie Ash, mother of the Ash narcotic peddlers, that on the night of March 24, 1931, a feminine voice, believed to be that of Rose Ash, called her husband to a certain meeting place with the announced intention of "making up" with him. What really happened was that on the following morning the dead bodies of the two brothers, riddled with bullets, were found along a roadway, their upturned motor car near-by. Ballistic experts were able to determine the bullets found in the bodies as matching Floyd's pistol.



Typical Cabin in the Sparsely Settled (Oklahoma) Ozark Mountain Region Where Outlaw Floyd Is Hiding, and Into Which, It Appears, Neither the State Nor Federal Officers Dare Go in Search of Him.

A month later, Floyd, Miller and the two women robbed a bank at Elliston, Kentucky, taking $2,200. Two weeks later they were traced to a cottage at Algonac, Mich., but when the house was entered by officers the quartette had fled. On April 14, they robbed a bank at Whitehouse, Ohio, of $1,400, and on April 15 they engaged in a terrific street fight at Bowling Green, Ohio, with officers who had been trailing them for days.

In this fight Bill Miller was killed, Officer Castner was shot to death by Floyd, Beulah Baird was seriously injured and Rose Ash was captured. Floyd got away without attempting to help Beulah. Later the two women were freed, as nothing could be proven against them. Beulah now hates Floyd, but is of no use to the plan of getting him.

Floyd was next heard from on July 21, 1931, when in a raid by Government agents on a large quantity of stored whiskey at Kansas City, Floyd shot his way to freedom, killing prohibition agent Curtis Burke and bystander M. P. Wilson. A bootlegger who was with Floyd in the liquor joint was killed.

The "Pretty Boy" now had six or eight killings charged to his account and was working up a big reputation with underworld leaders.

But meanwhile he had a great deal of bad luck in losing his associates in crime. It was reported he was having trouble to get anyone to team up with him. Bill Miller had been killed in a street fight, Jim Bradley had been legally electrocuted, Beulah Baird, his sweetheart, had been seriously wounded. An Italian bootlegger at Kansas City had been deserted by Floyd and was shot to death. Gunmen were saying that Floyd let his associates take the spot, while he slunk away in the background.

Floyd now moved back into his old haunts in eastern Oklahoma where he was considered a great hero. He had a running shooting scrape with George Cheek, then sheriff at Sallisaw. He drove the sheriff back to town and went on to Earlsboro, where he had pulled a successful bank robbery a year before, located George Birdwell, a boyhood friend, and the pair established a hideout in the Wildhorse mountains not far away. Now he also succeeded in getting back his wife, Ruby, and little Jack. They were placed at the outlaw's mountain home.

Early in 1932, Jan. 14, Birdwell and Floyd robbed a bank at Paden, Okla., kidnaped C. L. Southerland, the cashier, and took $2,500. The same day they robbed another bank at Castle, Okla., getting $2,000. Next they robbed a bank at Dover, Okla., taking $800. And then they sent a relative to Gov. Murray offering to surrender on certain conditions. These conditions were refused and the governor called a meeting of all the sheriffs in Oklahoma to devise ways and means of capturing these terrors

On Feb. 11, 1932, the police department at Tulsa learned that Floyd, Birdwell, Ruby Floyd and little Jack were living in a cottage in the residence district. About 15 officers surrounded the cottage, tear gas bombs were used, but Floyd and Birdwell got away in broad daylight, while Ruby Floyd and little Jack walked out unmolested after the policemen had followed the two desperadoes. Later Mrs. Floyd was picked up and put in jail at Tulsa. A few weeks later she was released.

Ruby Floyd was flush with money then. She bought a new motor car and drove frequently to the home of her father Ben Hardgrave, who lives 16 miles from Tulsa at a small village, Bixby. It was found that Floyd came there to meet her on several occasions. His visits usually took place at night although once he came in broad daylight. George Birdwell rode with him and no officer dared attack them, it seemed.

Then into the picture came Erv Kelly, a former sheriff of McIntosh county, who had known both Floyd and his wife when they were youngsters. Erv Kelly told Mrs. Floyd that he would capture her husband alive and have him in the Tulsa jail within thirty days.

"If you think you are so damned smart I am going to give you a chance to find him," Ruby Floyd told the officer. "I'll fix it so you can meet up with Charley and he'll kill you dead."

That's just what happened on the night of April 8, 1932. Charley Floyd came riding down the road, accompanied by Birdwell and the ever present artillery across their knees. When close to Ben Hardgrave's house Erv Kelly stepped out into road and demanded that the outlaws throw up their hands. He had the drop on them, but they drew and fired, and Erv Kelly went down with four bullets through his brain.

And then for months, in fact until Nov. 23, Oklahoma banks were robbed by the dozen. Floyd and Birdwell got into positions in the hills and sent word to the officers to come and get them. They seemed to be looking for battles with officers so they could pick them off. In a daylight battle on the Echols farm near Ada, Okla., on July 7, Floyd and Birdwell, barricaded in an old barn, drew fire from a half dozen officers and managed to drive them all away, wounding several.

Something happened in the fighting career of "Pretty Boy" Floyd on Nov. 23 of that year which is said by his friends to have been the turning point. His boyhood friend and comrade George Birdwell was shot and killed by a bank cashier at Boley, Okla. This seemed to put the quietus on Floyd, because after that he has never been known to have executed another bank robbery.

His only appearance since that time was at Bolivar, Mo., on June 15, 1933, when he kidnaped Sheriff Jack Killingsworth, took him for a long joyride over north central Missouri and then released him unharmed.

It was believed that Floyd had quit bank robbery then for the rum-running racket, and evidently since then he has decided that even rum-running is too dangerous.

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DON'T EXPECT either real coffee flavor or healthful stimulation when you drink coffee that is *stale*.

When coffee is stale, it contains rancid oil. It loses its flavor. And is a constant source of physical and mental irritation.

There is one brand of coffee you can tell is *fresh*. Chase & Sanborn's *Dated* Coffee has the date of delivery to your grocer clearly marked on every pound. We watch this date carefully and make deliveries so frequently that no can ever remains on your grocer's shelf more than 10 days. Ask your grocer for a pound of *Dated* Coffee tomorrow.

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What People Looked Like 5,000 Years Ago

A Semi-Divine Mythical Personage, Finely Modeled in Golden Alabaster, but With His Eyes Not So Big.

The Mother Goddess—Probably the Oldest Representation of Ishtar—With Eyes Just as Big as Those of the Lord of Fertility.

Photos Copyright University of Chicago

Head of the Statue of Tammuz, the Lord of Fertility, and the Lover of the Goddess Ishtar. His Eyes Were Made as Big as Possible to Show How Powerful and Holy He Was, Seeing All Things.

A Statue of a Woman Found in the Hoard, Not Looking Very Amiable but Undoubtedly a Portrait.

Part of a Statuette Showing the Sumerians Could Catch Likenesses When They Wanted To—A Servile Type With a Sly Smile.

A Quite Unpleasant-Looking Lady, Who Perhaps Served an Equally Unpleasant Goddess

The Head of a Portrait Statue of a Woman of 5,000 Years Ago, Showing Extremely Modern Hair Treatment. At the Left, a Profile View of the Same Head.

This Lady From the Statue Hoard Looks Somewhat Annoyed and Suspicious. She Was Probably a Priestess of the Mother Goddess.

Remarkable Hoard of Statues Unearthed From Ruins of the Mysterious Sumerians, From Whose Biblical City of Ur the Patriarch Abraham "Went Forth"

THE old family album with its faded tintypes of grandma, uncle Ephraim, grandfather as a member of the volunteer fire department, and all the rest of the purported resemblances of the family ancestors has long since disappeared from the parlor. But most families still have somewhere around the house, pictures of grandma and some of the tribe. Nearly everyone likes to know how his ancestors looked.

That is why archeologists, digging in the ruins of a 5,000-year-old Sumerian city some 85 miles away from Bagdad were so pleased when their prying picks recently uncovered what must have been either one of the Sumerian art galleries, or the remarkable private collection of statues of some Sumerian J. Pierpont Morgan.

The Sumerians always have been a mystery people. It has been only during the last few years that any extensive discoveries of their culture have been found. Little is known of them, save that they were not Semitic. Their art and the ruins of their buildings indicate that they must have reached a high stage of civilization for their period, but then they vanished, like the Khmers of French Indo-China, leaving only the ruins of their cities and temples to puzzle archeologists five thousand years later.

The collection of statues found in a city at the hill of Asmar, called Tell Asmar, by the scientists of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago, who discovered the ruins, reveal some of the beliefs of these ancient people. The most remarkable thing about all the pictures displayed on this page is the big, staring eyes on nearly all of the statues. They have those eyes because they are the sculptured likenesses of various Sumerian deities and their priests and priestesses.

The Japanese illustrate one of their most famous parables with the carvings of the three little monkeys, one with his fingers in his ears, who "hears no evil," one with his hand clasped across his mouth, who "speaks no evil" and the third with his hands across his eyes, who "sees no evil."

The Sumerians adapted a sort of similar convention to portray their gods. They believed, apparently, that any god who was worth his salt could see many things that were not apparent to ordinary mortals. To be able to see so much, they argued, indicated that the god had remarkably fine eyes and so in every statue of a deity the eyes are huge and out of proportion to the rest of the figure.

The larger the eyes the more powerful the god and the strange figure in the center of the top line of pictures was a mighty deity, indeed. He was the God of Fertility, the Master of All Life.

The statue of the woman standing at his left is not that of a goddess, as the usual exaggeration of the eyes is not present. The model for this particular work was probably a wealthy, or noble, woman of the period. Most statues of Sumerians show them to have been tall, lithe, clean-limbed men and women. This ancient lady seems a bit short and stocky.

Modern Miss and Mrs. America, if they want to follow the latest fashion in coiffures, are betaking themselves in droves to the hairdressers these days to purchase a switch of hair that is then braided and wrapped, doughnut fashion, over their own tresses. It is the latest thing in hair style.

It must have been "the latest thing" in Sumerian times, too, for the head of one of the statues pictured on this page shows the same, or at least a very similar, treatment. The staring-eyed, flat-nosed goddess with the remarkably long bobbed hair must have been either ahead of, or behind her time, if her dress can be taken as an indication.

The joining of the eyebrows, present in most of the Sumerian figures that have been found apparently was accomplished with something like the eyebrow pencils used today and must have been considered a mark of beauty and distinction because it was adopted by both the men and the women.

The switch-haired priestess shown on this page has an entirely modern appearance, except for her eyes. She might be a woman of the present day and probably, like one, spent much of her time and a fair share of her money, or its Sumerian equivalent, in the beauty parlors of the period.

These very early people had developed a civilization of a comparatively high type, although it may seem a little odd, in some ways, to moderns. They built fine buildings capable of lasting for ages. They seem to have had a sense of humor. They made beautiful jewelry from semi-precious stones, such as lapis-lazuli, and so forth, and a great variety of artistic furniture and ornaments.

They were devoutly religious, giving about half of their income to the temples. They had banks and something like present-day stock exchanges, sewers also, and running water and nearly all the things that make up civilization today.

Hitherto, these Sumerians have been a great mystery, and the newly-discovered city will add much welcome knowledge of them. All the great conquerors and rulers of Babylonia known to us, many of them mentioned in the Bible, such men as Assurbanipal, Hammurabi, Tiglath-Pileser, Nebuchadnezzar, Belshazzar, and so on, were Semitic.

But, before about 2,000 B. C., the Sumerians were the lords of Babylonia, which was not yet called by that name. There is an obscure allusion to them in the Book of Genesis in the Bible, where it says that the men of "the land of Shinar" planned to build a tower that would "reach unto Heaven," meaning the famous Tower of Babel. The Hebrew author must have had in mind the lofty temple of Babylon when he wrote this, but "the land of Shinar" is believed to be a form of Sumer. The Babylonians had learned to build high towers from the early Sumerians, just as they learned cuneiform writing and many other useful things from them.

The chief Sumerian tall tower was at Nippur, on a hilltop, and was dedicated to Enlil, the Sumerian god of the air. It was placed on a mountain so that the god would be conveniently situated between heaven and earth.

About 2,000 B. C. the fiercer and more aggressive Semites moved in from the plains, where they had been developing a little civilization, and took possession of the Sumerian cities, with their temples and palaces and other improvements and luxuries. King Sargon was the first great Semitic conqueror.

The conquered Sumerians stayed in the cities and were kindly allowed to work, fight, draw water and hew wood for their masters. They can be recognized in Babylonian carvings driven along by the whips and goads of their masters. They were apparently required to be clean-shaven, so that the luxuriant curly beards of the Semites might stand out as the mark of the ruler.

The newly found city at Tell Asmar was situated near the Tigris River, whereas mighty Babylon, which only came into existence after the fall of the former place, was nearly 200 miles to the south, on the Euphrates River. Still farther to the south, along the Euphrates, was the famous old city of Ur, also centuries older than Babylon and a creation of the Sumerians.

Ur was the city from which the Patriarch Abraham, the Bible says, went forth to found the Israelite nation in 2000 B. C.

The Sumerians, at this period, before they knew the tyranny of Semitic masters rejoiced in luxuriant, curly beards, but in other respects they display marked differences from the Semites.

The most important statues found are those of the chief god of Tell Asmar, Abu, "the Lord of Fertility," who is another form of the well-known Tammuz, and of his companion, the mother goddess, a form of Ishtar, who was the same as Venus. This is the oldest known statue of Ishtar. The chief god is of commanding stature and his qualities are indicated by carvings on the base of the statue—gazelles, plants and the lion-headed eagle, Imgi. The god has a very majestic bearing as if his eyes were fixed on heaven. His hair is artistically blackened with bitumen, and his great eyes ingeniously inlaid with black limestone and shell.

The goddess has a very placid and benevolent expression, and her eyes are larger proportionately than those of any other statue. Her maternal character is indicated by a small statuette of her son, of which only the feet are preserved, let into the base. The cup which each grasps suggests the annual feast following the union of god and goddess to ensure fertility.

The Sumerians seem to have been a happy, cheerful people, enjoying their wine and beer and a good dinner and all the other pleasures that life afforded. There are some things about the relics discovered that indicate they were more humane than the Babylonians and Assyrians and other nations of the ancient East, who were addicted to flaying and impaling their prisoners.

Mr. Charles Breasted, of the Oriental Institute, makes the interesting suggestion that the gods and the priests had heavy legs and ankles because they lived on the fat of the land. They ate all the time, drank heavy wines and used rich and heavy oils in their foods.

The artists naturally made the gods look like the leading priests. In fact, the gods were probably impersonated by priests at important ceremonies.

Much of the crushing taxation imposed on the people was used to keep these parasites in luxury. With so much indulgence and with hardly any exercise except for a dignified spell of kneeling required at times in their ceremonials, there is little wonder that they became fat.

Another type of Sumerian is represented by a nude figure of a semi-divine mythical personage, finely modeled in golden alabaster, on his knees. This statue has a hollow head, opening at the back, apparently made to hold liquid.

The lion-headed eagle Imgi which appears on the base of the god's statue and in other places characterizes the Lord of Life as the vanquisher of chaos and death. The eagle was a symbol of immortality in the East, and the phoenix that rose from the ashes was a form of this belief. On a cylinder seal Imgi is shown like Hercules, destroying a seven-headed Hydra. Dr. Frankfort says he has evidence that the Greek Hercules was descended from the Sumerian god whose temple is being excavated.

The Sumerians were skillful makers of pottery. In the temple were found spouted vessels of curious prehistoric pottery and tall clay goblets from which they drank copious drafts of wine.

An interesting find proved that even 5,000 years ago the mirror was an article specially used by woman. Among the objects connected with the shrine of the primitive goddess was a fine copper mirror.

Other articles included a necklace of very large serpentine and alabaster beads, together with some stamp-seals; and a unique breastplate of green stone, engraved with a male figure surrounded by dogs and snakes. The style of engraving is quite different from that of the Babylonians. The dogs are Selukis, or Persian greyhounds, of the type still used by the Persians today. They are excellent animals who can be relied on to catch game and bring it back.

Some articles were of foreign workmanship indicating that these people traded with distant parts of the world. These included exquisite human figures cut out of mother-of-pearl and shell, and used as inlays in plaques of schist, into which they were fastened with bitumen, thus acquiring a dull, dark background which set off the delicacy of color and carving to the best advantage.

Numerous fragments of magnificent goblets and bowls of veined serpentine or translucent alabaster lay mingled with quantities of small quartz pebbles and natural stones, which had no doubt been carried to the shrine by poor devotees as homage to the gods.

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Behind the Scenes With Royalty

Netley
of Q
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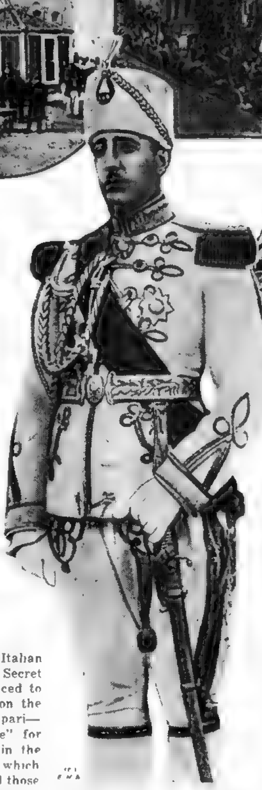
The Old Summer Palace of the King of Albania at Durazzo.

Premie
ple

READERS of The American Weekly will recall the unblushing confessions, recently printed in these columns, of that versatile rascal Netley Lucas, born in England but an international crook who has been a criminal since childhood. Lucas is a resourceful criminal, but not of the violent, murderous or common garden variety of crook. Although a jailbird with a criminal record known to the police of Europe, Lucas took on the name of Evelyn Graham, forged some credentials and wrote a biography of Princess Mary, daughter of the King of England, which she graciously edited and approved. He imposed upon the British Ambassador in Madrid, who arranged for him a private audience with the Queen of Spain in the Royal Palace—and wheedled Her Majesty into collaborating with him in her biography.

Perhaps his most daring exploit was with Lord Justice Darling, one of the most severe and learned judges in the criminal courts of England. Lucas the ex-convict, and the Lord Justice sat together in intimate conference while the rascal obtained material for the biography which the Judge never dreamed was being prepared by a beguiling criminal.

Lucas, alias Graham, is a confessed impostor and liar, and there is no certainty that all the alleged facts set forth by him on this page are true. Lucas asserts they are the truth, and at least they are interesting.



His Royal Majesty Ahmed Zog, King of Albania, in a Gorgeous Uniform He Designed for Himself.

Scene in a Hill Cafe in the Mountains of Albania, Where Many Feuds Have Been Fought and Brigands Used to Thrive.

King Victor Em

By Netley Lucas.

CHAPTER III.

(Concluded from Last Sunday)

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ONE of the anomalies of the Italian Dictatorship is the "back seat" which the King of Italy is forced to take under the overpowering domination of Benito Mussolini. Today Italy is only a kingdom in name; and if the Duce is able to accomplish the dearest wish of his heart he will—should King Victor Emmanuel die before him—be acclaimed the next King of Italy. In the meantime Mussolini has the greatest contempt for his royal master—"master" only in name; because King Victor is but a puppet in the hands of the Fascist Dictator.

It is no secret that there has never been any love lost between Mussolini and Crown Prince Humbert, Prince of Piedmont. The heir to the Italian throne has resented the back seat which his father has been forced to take in the affairs of the Italian Kingdom. I have seen Prince Humbert get up and leave the room at the Quirinal when the Duce has been announced for an audience with King Victor. One day Prince Humbert called at the Chigi Palace—Mussolini's official residence—to convey a message from the King. The Duce sent a message to the Crown Prince that he was engaged on "affairs of State" and could not receive the King's son for another hour. Prince Humbert left the Chigi Palace in a rage and from that day to this has never darkened the doors of Mussolini's palace, so far as I know.

But in this article I am going to reveal one of the most carefully hidden secrets of European intrigue; the story of an affair which has never been related before, the details of a duel between Prince Humbert and Mussolini, fought at dawn one morning some time ago; a combat which might have resulted in the death of the Duce and the prostration of the Italian nation. It all happened, it is said, as the result of an insult offered to King Victor by the Dictator. I will relate the story as told to me by a highly placed Italian official while I was collecting facts for a contemplated biography of King Victor. Of course, I have no personal knowledge of the facts.

Mussolini had ordered the arrest, trial and life imprisonment of a nobleman who had, for many years, been a personal friend of the Italian Royal Family; a man who had held high State appointment until the advent of Fascism and who was a Knight of the Order of the Annunziata—the most coveted decoration in the gift of the Italian Crown and which ipso facto made the possessor a cousin of the King of Italy, my informant told me.

But the Duce cares nothing for sentimental relationships or the orders of chivalry. This man had been plotting against the Fascist State so he was informed, and, with a stroke of the pen, the Dictator had him arrested, tried by the Italian "Star Chamber" of Secret Judges, and sentenced to life imprisonment on the dreaded Isles of Lipari—Italy's "Devil's Isle" for political prisoners in the Mediterranean, to which penal settlements all those who oppose Mussolini are banished. The arrest, trial and transportation were carried out with the utmost secrecy, and it was only when relatives of the banished man made representations to Prince Humbert, who informed King Victor, that the details became known at the Quirinal (the Royal Palace in Rome).

At once King Victor called for the testimony of the trial. Mussolini refused to allow the King to see the records. For the first time since Mussolini came to power King Victor Emmanuel issued a Royal Command to the Duce; ordering that the banished man should be brought back to Italy and pardoned. The order was delivered by one of King Victor's gentlemen-in-waiting at the Chigi Palace to Mussolini. King Victor received a reply from the Duce the next day and it took an amazing form.

The King was lunching with the Queen and Prince Humbert when a large sealed envelope bearing the well-known insignia of the Duce on the flap was brought to the King. He broke the seals and took out the contents—a large white silk handkerchief. The implication was obvious. Only into a handkerchief must the King of Italy put his nose.

Prince Humbert sprang to his feet, his face aflame with anger, his hot southern temper aroused to the full. With his hand on the hilt of his sword he swore to avenge the insult to his father. The Queen tried to quiet him, but without finishing the meal the Crown Prince asked his royal parents for permission to withdraw, and without waiting to receive the assent walked swiftly from the royal dining room. Returning to his own apartments he took a riding gauntlet and a white feather and, placing them both in a large envelope, sealed it, and summoning one of his equerries instructed him to go at once to the Chigi Palace and deliver the package to the most powerful man in Italy.

Now that riding gauntlet was an Italian challenge to a duel; the white feather of cowardice was added by the Prince in view of the fact that Mussolini—Man of Iron—had dared to insult an old man, as well as the King of Italy; in fact, his royal master. And here was an amazing situation—the Dictator of Italy challenged by the Crown Prince.

But it was more than that. Prince Humbert was a soldier as well as a Prince; the Duce is a soldier, too, in view of his position as Minister of War and General in the Italian army. As a statesman, Mussolini might have refused the challenge without loss of honor—but as a soldier he was bound to accept or be branded as a coward, and should the fact of his refusal leak out he would be discredited before all honorable Italians. But supposing the duel ended fatally—either to himself or Crown Prince Humbert—what would happen then? If Mussolini himself were killed what would happen to the Fascist State?

If Prince Humbert did not fully realize the importance of his challenge, Mussolini, the far-seeing statesman, fully realized the danger of his position. He confided the situation to General Balbo—at that time his greatest confidant. Since then Balbo has fallen from grace and has practically been banished to Tripoli where he has been made Governor. Balbo's advice was immediately forthcoming and was typical of this fiery little man:

"Benito," he said, "you must fight for the honor of Fascism and your own honor as a brave man."

"But if I fall—who will take my place?" demurred the Duce.

"I will," replied General Balbo (as he then was) without the slightest hesitation; "you must meet the Prince tomorrow at dawn at the gardens of the Palazzo Rospigliosi, and I will act as your second."

In the private apartments of Prince Humbert of Italy a somewhat similar colloquy was taking place, but the Crown Prince was not troubled with the misgivings which were passing through the mind of Mussolini. If he fell to the sword of the Duce, Italy would mourn his death, but his loss to the country would not have the vast political—nay, international—import which the death of the Dictator would have. Prince Humbert chose as his second young Conte di Raspazzi, a captain in the Royal Guard and one of the finest swordsmen in the Italian Army. The Crown Prince himself having been brought up as a soldier was a clever swordsman, too—on the other hand, Mussolini, while being a crack shot with the revolver and rifle, had no very great experience in the use of the more classical weapon.

As the one challenged Mussolini had had the choice of weapons, but when it was decided that he would fight he had told General Balbo to acquaint the Crown Prince's second, Conte di Raspazzi, that he preferred swords to pistols because he felt that there was less chance of either of them being mortally hurt than with revolvers. This was both a fair and a politic act on the part of the Duce, who by this time was bitterly regretting his rash act in sending the insulting handkerchief to King Victor Emmanuel.

The night before the duel Mussolini spent in his study with General Balbo, making his will and leaving in sealed envelopes instructions for carrying on his plans for the future of the Fascist State he had founded. Little did his Ministers—and the people of Italy—realize the drama that was being worked out that night at the Chigi Palace and would have its denouement in the beautiful gardens of the Palazzo Rospigliosi at dawn the following morning.

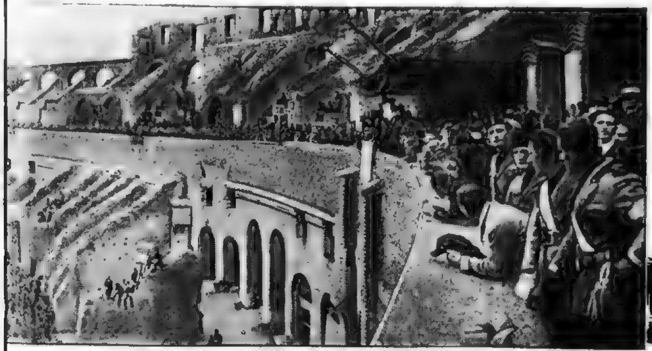
Crown Prince Humbert spent the evening before the duel in the gymnasium of the Royal Guards with Conte di Raspazzi practicing with foils; and later took supper with a few of his best friends and several ladies at the Paradise Club, at that time the most exclusive night club in Rome. Here he drank rather deeply. I happened to be at the Paradise Club that night, too, and was sitting with Baroness von Marbach—wife of the second Secretary of the Austrian Legation at a nearby table. Little did I suspect that the Crown Prince's rather exuberant spirits were actuated by a sense of suspense before his ordeal of the dawn that was even then beginning to steal across the sky as we all left the club for our several homes.

At 6 a. m. two cars left different addresses but headed in the same direction. One contained Prince Humbert and Prince Carlo di Faenza, personal friend and surgeon to the Prince who was to act as umpire; Conte di Raspazzi, the Prince's second, and Prince Humbert's personal chauffeur, who had been sworn to secrecy. The other car which drew away from the Chigi Palace with drawn blinds had as its occupants, Mussolini, General Balbo, and Signor Giuseppe Grandi, who was to act as major-domo at the duel on behalf of the Duce. The Dictator's car was driven by Captain Kurt, military A. D. C. to Benito Mussolini.

At 6:30 a. m. both cars drove through the garden entrance of the Palazzo Rospigliosi and came to a standstill. Prince Humbert's car arrived only a few minutes before that of the Duce. The Prince was dressed in the black undress uniform of the Royal Guards; the Duce wore a pair of black slacks and a black shirt—the emblem of his Fascist Party. Prince Faenza carried the swords, which were straight and long and pointed, with no cutting edge, such as were habitually used for dueling in the Royal School of Arms.

The spot selected for the duel was a tennis

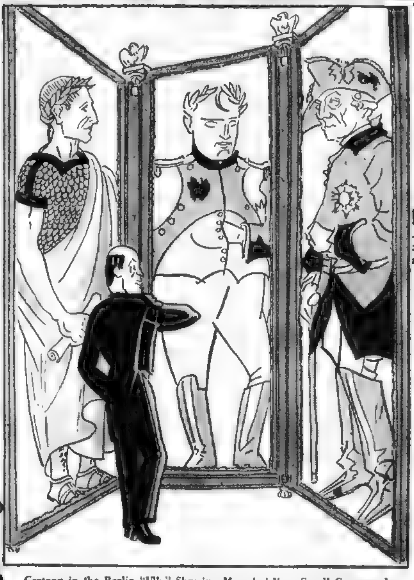
…cas, Notorious Criminal, Who Gained the Confidence …ns, Princesses and Distinguished Personages, Writes …s Experiences With the Crowned Heads of Europe



WIDE WORLD Photo

…olini, Beneath a Pur…z in the Great Colos…i Rome, Addressing Legions Like Caesar of Old—But the King of Italy Was Not There.

"During the course of this supper party the girl, Lena Kounts, inveigled King Zog to seat himself in a particular armchair while she perched herself in his lap. Then jokingly she took a silken girdle from around her waist and playfully twined it round the King's neck, laughingly announcing that she was going to strangle him. And she very nearly did—because there happened to be a curtain behind the chair and a confederate concealed there. She passed one end of the girdle to him behind King Zog's back and pulled on the other herself. But for the watchfulness of King Zog's Albanian army pilot (also in the Albanian secret service) there would have been no King of the Albanians."



Cartoon in the Berlin "Ulk," Showing Mussolini Very Small Compared to Julius Caesar, Napoleon Bonaparte and Frederick the Great.

…nuel, the Elderly King …Italy.

court completely surrounded by trees. Its carefully tended turf made an excellent dueling grounds, and its seclusion prevented observation from outside. The Prince and his second took up their position at one end of the court; Il Duce and General Balbo at the other. Prince Faenza and Signor Giuseppe Grandi stood exactly half way—where, in its normal use, the net would span the tennis court. The umpire presented the weapons, with blades concealed and hilts foremost—first to Prince Humbert in some slight acknowledgment of his royal rank.

He selected a blade—Mussolini took the other. They took up stance—hand behind back, and waited, while Prince Faenza told them that the first to draw blood was to be accounted the victor. They crossed blades with the umpire holding each with the tips of his fingers. Suddenly he sprang back, crying "Engage." The duel had begun.

Backwards and forwards the two duelists forced each other—the blades sparkled and glinted in the early morning sun. Perspiration began to gather on the Duce's brow; Prince Humbert—in better physical condition than his opponent—remained as cool as a cucumber. The umpire stood silently watching the swordplay. Once Mussolini was disarmed—his blade describing a circle in the air and, descending point downwards, sunk quivering into the soft turf. Chivalrously Prince Humbert stepped forward, pulled it up, and handed it back to the Duce.

Flash—flash—a bird twittered in a tree regardless of the drama below. The seconds watched with bated breath hoping that the result would not mean catastrophe to the Italian nation. Suddenly with a fine dip and lunge Prince Humbert sank his blade into the arm of the Duce. Blood spurted. The umpire rushed forward and acclaimed the Crown Prince the winner and then, sinking his identity of umpire into that of the surgeon, Prince Faenza rushed towards Mussolini, who was being divested of his black shirt by General Balbo, and examined the wound. It was purely superficial, and the surgeon was quickly able to patch the Dictator up.

As he was working with lint and bandages Prince Humbert walked over and offered his hand to Mussolini. The Duce took it and gravely apologized for the insult which he had offered to the Prince's royal father by sending him the handkerchief. At ten minutes past seven the two cars drove away again from the Palazzo Rospigliosi; Mussolini returned to the helm of State at the Chigi Palace—Prince Humbert to the Quirinal. Honor was satisfied. And a tragedy that would have affected the whole world was averted.

Mussolini's wound soon healed. But King Victor heard of the duel by chance and sent for Mussolini and his eldest son and vented on them both his royal displeasure. Then he invited them both to lunch with him—and the matter was closed. Stringent steps were taken to keep the matter secret, but I am told there is an account of it in the Secret Archives of the Quirinal. At any rate, I have narrated the story as it was told to me—I was, naturally, not a witness of the duel.

And now let me reveal an interesting piece of information about another crowned head. For the first time in history and during 1934 an American girl will probably cross the Atlantic and ascend a European throne as Queen. Zog I, the romantic King of the Albanians, is determined to enrich his tiny country with American beauty and dollars. So enthusiastic about the idea of a transatlantic bride has he become that a few weeks ago he sent a trusted emissary to the United States to give the beauties of Park Avenue the "once over" on his behalf, and to report to him the names and ancestry of those American heiresses who would fall in with his conception of what would make a suitable mate and Queen for him.

This emissary, sponsored by his Legation in Washington, was introduced into the homes of the Four Hundred merely as a visiting diplomat but secretly he was keeping his eyes open for a girl who would possess the necessary beauty and dollars to become Queen of Albania. Not until this emissary's departure did the mothers of the exclusive Four Hundred realize what was the real mission of this quiet, suave and inoffensive little man. Now the news of his mission having leaked out, many beautiful bosoms in Park Avenue are palpitating with hope and curiosity—wondering whether "she" is among the dozen or so names which now lie on King Zog's desk in his palace at Tirana—if her photograph is between the covers of the large portfolio which also rests on His Majesty's escritoire and at which in his idle moments King Zog is never tired of looking; for this leather-covered portfolio contains photographs of the possible runners in the race for the crown he has to offer.

The greatest secrecy has been maintained at the Albanian Court with regard to the matchmaking which is going on behind the scenes. The names of the possible Queens are being kept a close secret. After much wire-pulling and not a little diplomacy a friend close to King Zog succeeded in discovering for me some of the names—and each and every one has an equal chance to wear the crown of Albania, for King Zog has not yet had time to carefully consider the qualifications of each, but before long the "wheat will be separated from the chaff" and finally diplomatic negotiations will be commenced from Tirana, with the parents of the girl who has the most qualifications for the post of Queen of Europe's tiniest kingdom.

I have not the honor of knowing any of these ladies—I know very little of them, and it would not be fair to reveal their names. Which one will have the honor of being offered the Crown of Albania I have no idea; neither has the King himself, up to the moment of writing, says my good friend at the Royal Court at Tirana.

I can, however, tell you something about King Zog, for I had the pleasure of dining with him a few years ago in Vienna, where he was on a health vacation which nearly ended in his death because an attempt was made to assassinate him at the Opera House in the Austrian capital. Ahmed Bey Zogu (to give King Zog his full name), is a tall soldierly figure; aged thirty-eight, with that dark, swarthy handsomeness so prevalent in the Near East. He limps slightly with the left foot—the legacy of a bullet wound. He is a crack shot with the revolver and often practices in his garden at empty wine bottles. He is also a fine horseman and an intrepid mountaineer. A born leader of men, he is often called the "Little Napoleon of the Near East." He rules his tiny kingdom with a mailed fist in a velvet glove. So much for his outstanding virtues.

Now meet the man behind the King. He has always had that failing common to soldiers—a predilection for the fair sex. He is most certainly a King with a past. When I made his acquaintance in Vienna his suite at the Hotel Bristol was the scene of many very lively parties. I remember attending one of these with tragic Baron van Stroberg (he shot himself six months later at Biarritz), and there were present many of the most beautiful demi-mondaines of the Austrian capital; many of them titled women, I may say. At the end of the evening King Zog insisted on lying full on his back in the middle of the floor and shooting at the glass chandeliers with an automatic pistol much to the chagrin of the hotel management and his Court Chamberlain, who knew that he would have to pay for the damage afterwards, and the exchequer of Albania has never been a bulwark of that tiny kingdom.

At the time one of the English troupes of girls was appearing in Vienna and King Zog had the whole lot of them up to supper at his hotel. He fell in love with one of them and she left the chorus soon afterwards and later paid him a visit at Tirana. I saw her in Paris after that visit and she looked "a million dollars"—doubtless as a result of the royal bounty. While King Zog was in Vienna "for the benefit of his health" an attempt was made to assassinate him at the Opera House, but the bullet intended for him struck down a member of his staff. It occurs to me in parenthesis what a thankless task it must be to wait upon royalty and be liable to stop a bullet intended for one's royal master.

King Zog has a fondness for making secret trips abroad in strict incognito. For some months he made weekly trips to Naples in a flying boat lent to him by the Duke of the Abruzzi, cousin of the King of Italy, to see a certain lovely lady of the Italian Court. It was obvious in diplomatic circles that herein lay an intrigue to get King Zog married to this beautiful creature so that he would have Italian interests. But up till now the King of the Albanians has much preferred to be a "bachelor gay." Entre nous, he wouldn't be marrying now but for reasons of State and in view of the weak finances of his tiny kingdom. His ministers realize that a few million American dollars would be of use in expanding the Kingdom of Albania; when told of this King Zog made some stipulations.

"She must be young," he said with emphasis, "she must be beautiful; and I must have the opportunity of choosing her myself." His ministers agreed and soon afterwards the discreet emissary was sent to America—the "Garden of Heiresses!" But His Majesty secretly abhors the idea of a wife who will maybe tie him to her apron strings. It is perhaps just as well that he is going to marry, because a shapely pair of legs nearly cost him his life not so very long ago.

There came to Tirana a travelling company from Paris—one of the usual stock companies of the Compagnie du Theatre Internationale; half a dozen pretty girls—a manager—a compere and a couple of male singers with an international repertoire. They made a great hit in Tirana and one night gave a command performance at the Royal Palace. King Zog was delighted—partic-

Continued on Page 26

The New Capes

Authoritative and Newest Fashions From the Studios of the Famous French Dress Creators, Drawn by Soulie, Foremost Fashion Artist of Paris

These Latest Paris Models Offer Suggestions for American Dressmakers and May Be Copied or Adapted by Them in American Materials.

There Are Literally Hundreds of Fur Capes Worn as Evening Wraps in Paris at the Moment. Ermine, Sable, Mink, Chinchilla for Those Who Can Afford It, and Silver Foxes, Are Seen in Cape Form at Every Assembly for Well-Dressed Women. The Fur Cape for the Daytime Is Rarer Than the Evening Version, But It Is Adopted by Some of the Smartest Women in the Capital. The Newest Daytime Fur Capes Are Those Made of Smooth Furs. The Silver Fox Ones Were Worn So Much During the Paris Season That There Is a Slight Reaction Against Them in Some Quarters. Seen at a Concours d'Elegance the Other Day, Was This Excellent Model in Ocelot, Used Very Plainly, With a Fold Across the Shoulders Forming a Yoke, Extended in the Center of the Back Into a Point Suggesting a Little Hood. It Was Worn Over a Brown Frock, With a Beige Crepe Tied Sash Belt.

The Rival of the Fur Cape, for Evening Wear, Is the Feather One. During the Important Social Events of the Paris Season, and at Resorts Like Le Touquet and Deauville Afterwards, Many Feather Capes Were Seen. Here, Again, the Newest Ones Were the Longest. Collarettes of Ostrich or Coq Have Been Too Much Imitated in Cheap Copies. Among All the Feather Capes Seen, None Is Handsomer Than This One From Molyneux, Worn With a Black Chiffon Gown, and the Cape Itself Made of Matching Black Chiffon. The Shoulders Are Left Plain, Avoiding All Bulk, and Below Them Ostrich Tips, White at the Top, and Shading Through Grey to Black, Are Set in Rows.

In the Midst of All the Feather and Fur Capes, It Is Interesting to See Some in Fabric, Without Any Trimming at All. This One From Mirande Is Made of Cerise Velvet, and Is of a Very Original Shape. The Cape Is Entirely Double, the Material Starting at the Shoulders, Running Down to the Knee and Then Turned Back on Itself, to Cover the Shoulders Again. The Effect Is of Two Great Slings Seen From the Front. At the Neck, Folds of the Material Turn Into a Capuchon Hood in the Back, Which May Be Worn Pulled Closely Round the Throat, If the Wind Be Cool. This Splendid Wrap Is Worn Over a Gown of White Crepe Satin, Entirely Plaited and of Very Simple Cut.

The Evening Fur Cape for the Winter Grows Longer and Longer. The Very Newest Models Come Well Below the Knee. Here Is a Sumptuous Model in Silver Fox and Stiff Black Satin From Fourrures Max. The Skins Are Worked Lengthwise for the Body of the Cape, With Both Heads and Tails Suppressed, But the Foxes Finish in Points at the Top. These Points Mounted Onto the Big Double Collar of Stiff Black Satin.

PARIS, Sept. 1

THE fur cape for evening made its appearance in the Summer of 1933, grew in popularity throughout the Winter of 1933-34, reigned supreme during the early season, and will continue into the next Winter. It began by being very short, a mere collarette, and has been growing longer and longer until for next season, the furriers are [illegible] the full length, or long three quarter garment entirely in fur, made in the richest skins, sable, ermine, even the [illegible] but also in mink and kolinsky, for those whose budgets will not run to the most expensive [illegible].

[illegible] even white. It was remarked that the newest of these capes were all at least waist-length, in the back, though they might be shorter in the front. For next Winter, they will [illegible]. See the model from Fourrures Max, on this page, which comes within eighteen inches of the floor, and is made of silver fox skins, mounted on stiff black satin, with a double collar of the satin, and a satin band near the hem, where the vertical pelts stop, and the horizontal band begins. Madame Leroy, the presiding genius of Fourrures Max, is also making full-length capes in such skins as ermine and very dark supple mink, which have large collars, puffed and gathered into a narrow band. This collar may be worn drawn up around the face, or hanging as a short cape. The cape is narrow and fitted over the shoulders, and widens toward the hem, which is deeply indented in four scallops, the deepest one being in the back. Madame Leroy is reviving the collar for cold weather, in spite of the overwhelming popularity of the collarless wrap of this Summer.

During the daytime, capes come out when the sun goes in. All the big race days gave us examples of capes of various lengths in fur on cool days, in fabric on warm ones, and in thinnest organdie or organza when it was really hot. An example in ocelot is sketched on this page and was worn by a very smart woman dressed in brown crepe, with a sash-belt of beige. I see Lanvin's hooded capes in flat furs, gaillac or broadtail, sometimes worn with the opening at the side, sometimes in the front, again in the back.

Cape suits rival jacket suits in warm weather. They are made in prints, flowery or one-colored, sometimes in the revived alpacas, but not in linen. In contrast to the jacket suits, which are often unlike in jacket and skirt, the capes almost invariably match the skirts, or the frocks with which they are worn. Sometimes a cape of white pique is worn with a frock of navy blue or black crepe.

Over the flowing organdies, worn for garden-party occasions, the capes are frequently of organdie too. When the frock is printed, checked, plaided, polka-dotted, or flowered, the little cape is frequently plain, and in the same dark color that appears in the printed design. Madame Scott, for example, wears Patou's organza, white with big navy polka dots, and a little cape, not much more than shoulder length, of ruffled plain navy organza, with a sash to match, and a wide shallow crowned hat of the same. The Comtesse de Mon[illegible] wore, to some of the most important [illegible] of the Paris season, a frock of navy and white checked organdie, with short puffed sleeves, and a very long skirt, without ruffles of any kind. With this, instead of a wide hat which was almost invariable, she wore a little "baby bonnet" of black velvet, turned back off the face, and tied in a naive bow at the back of the head.

A few women have been wearing long capes, often of dark velvet, over printed crepe or chiffon gowns. Many of these come from Vionnet. One, in black velvet, very slim and plain, had a big turn-over band across the shoulders in front, which ended in a small hood in the back, buttoned with three tortoise-shell buttons, exactly matching the hair of the wearer.

The arrangement of fox skins in capes is so varied that one might write an article on this subject alone. A very handsome one, seen at the Opera, came from Heim, and is worked, in the back, in two huge circles, touching the center of the back, and finishing in front in two long stole ends, which are worn crossed or draped round the arms. Another, from Max, was made of seven rows of silver foxes, in looped lines in the back, mounted on black velvet, with the heads and tails left off, but the skins running into points in the front, which hook together. The cape is waist length in front but comes to the knees in the back.

The rival of the fur cape for evening is the feather one. At the ball given at the Cercle Interallie for the Italian Aviators, a really smart occasion, many feather capes were seen, in [illegible] ostrich, even in breast-feathers. At all the events of the Paris season, feather capes have been legion in the evening. Among them all, none is handsomer than the one sketched from Molyneux, with its plain shoulders, made of the material of the gown, and its great pointed mass of black and white ostrich, falling below the knees in the back. Another ostrich, in white, was made of narrow fringes of the flues, worked in two great circles over each arm, their edges touching in the center of the back, with a huge collar of the tips, curled over like foam round the face. This was worn in white over a printed gown, white ground, with gay flowers in green, pink, and yellow.

In great contrast to the fur and feather capes, were some in fabric, with no trimming at all. A beautiful and typical one comes from Mirande, and is sketched here. It is in cerise velvet, of the stiff variety, and is really two huge loops, turned back on themselves, as the drawing explains. A hood arrangement hangs in the back, for this capuchon effect is still liked, and one sees it, not only on evening wraps, but on daytime ones as well.

One of the most interesting evening capes in Paris was the immense white one, in thick crepe, worn by Madame Munoz to the "White Night" given at the villa of Monsieur and Madame Fauchier-Magnan, where all the women guests were urged to come in white. She was covered from neck to heels in this white drapery, from which her little dark head emerged with striking effect. Madame Revel wore, over her white satin gown, a big cape of black satin, swirled about her, with somewhat the effect of a Venetian domino.

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FIRST PRIZE $1000

AND 164 OTHER CASH PRIZES

...for the best letters on the subject

"Why I prefer to use Old Dutch"

HERE'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

write a simple letter of not more than 100 words on "WHY I PREFER TO USE OLD DUTCH" and fill out the coupon below.

First Prize	. . . .	$1,000.00
Second Prize	. . . .	500.00
Third Prize	. . . .	250.00
Fourth Prize	. . . .	100.00
Fifth Prize	. . . .	50.00
Next Ten Prizes each	. . .	25.00
Next Fifty Prizes each	. . .	10.00
Next Hundred Prizes each	.	5.00

THERE'S nothing difficult about this contest—nothing that requires unusual writing ability. All you do is tell us in your own words "why I prefer to use Old Dutch." And of course you know plenty of good reasons! Some women prefer it because it cleans quicker and cleans more things than anything else. Others, because it lasts longer and does more square yards of cleaning per penny of cost. Still others prefer Old Dutch because it brings healthful cleanliness, doesn't scratch, never harms the hands and always works perfectly in the hardest water. ★

Don't delay! Write today. It's easy. Contest closes midnight, September 30th, 1934. Take a few minutes now and get your entry in early. Read the rules carefully. Then write your letter on the back of an Old Dutch label (or a reasonable facsimile), fill in the coupon at the bottom of this ad and mail it, together with your letter to Old Dutch Cleanser, Chicago, Illinois.

These are the Simple Contest Rules

1 On the back of an Old Dutch label (or a reasonable facsimile), write in your own way a letter of *not more than 100 words* on "Why I Prefer to Use Old Dutch." Sign your letter plainly with your name and address. Prizes will be awarded for the best letters in the opinion of the judges. Letters will be judged on the facts they contain, their sincerity and their interest to other women. Send in as many entries as you wish.

2 Fill out the coupon at the bottom of this ad and attach it to your letter written on the back of an Old Dutch Cleanser label, (or a reasonable facsimile), and send to Old Dutch Cleanser, Chicago, Illinois.

3 Contest closes midnight, September 30th, 1934. All entries to be eligible must bear postmark prior to that time. All entries submitted become the property of Old Dutch Cleanser. The decision of the judges will be final. In the event of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Employees of the Cudahy Packing Company, makers of Old Dutch, and their families are not eligible to take part in the contest. The contest applies to the United States only, and is subject to all provisions of Federal, State and Local regulations.

4 Prize winners will be notified by mail at the earliest possible date after the contest closes.

Don't Delay Write Today
CONTEST CLOSES MIDNIGHT SEPT. 30TH

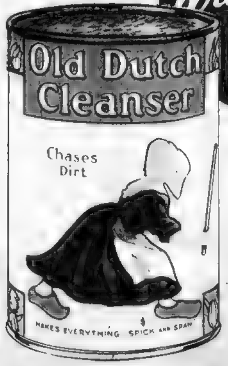
IMPORTANT!
FILL OUT THIS COUPON AND ATTACH IT TO YOUR CONTEST LETTER

OLD DUTCH IS MADE WITH PURE SEISMOTITE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

★ The universal preference for Old Dutch is due to the fact that it is the only cleanser made with pure seismotite. What is seismotite? It is a fine, scratchless cleaning and polishing material of volcanic origin, free from harsh, scratchy grit and crude abrasives. Try Old Dutch today and you, too, will prefer it to anything else because you will find that it cleans quicker, cleans more things, doesn't scratch, brings healthful cleanliness, is kind to the hands, does more square yards of cleaning per penny of cost and saves you money, time and energy.

THERE'S NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT!



Through constant scientific research Old Dutch has been maintained at the highest standard of modern cleaning efficiency obtainable. We want to be sure that the label design is equally as pleasing to you as is the product itself.

For our information, therefore, will you please check the following in accordance with your opinion?

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER, Dept. C-1, 221 North La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois

☐ I would not like to see the Old Dutch label changed.

☐ I would like to see the Old Dutch label changed.

Other remarks________________________________

Name________________________________

Address________________ City________ State________

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The Mating of Dan Yeo

By Otwell Binns

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

[illegible]

CHAPTER VI.

Escape.

PATIENTLY Dan Yeo searched the street with the binoculars looking for his friend who had gone ashore some little time before.

Store by store his eyes went the full length of the broad street without finding him, and when next he turned the glasses on Sun Kee's store it was to find the veranda empty. He caught sight of a whale-boat leaving the beach, and examining it closely saw the three men who had been in such earnest conversation were part of the complement.

He laughed softly to himself and looked towards the Dordrechter Captain Sachsen, a gross figure in dirty white ducks, was moving about the decks. The men in the boat might be going to see the Dutch skipper, but he had a conviction that they were not; and taking out the revolver which had been the spoil of last night's adventure he twisted the cylinder round until the empty chamber was the last in the series. Then he gave his attention to the boat again.

A third white man whom he had not seen upon the veranda of Sun Kee's store caught his eye. The man was big, and of florid countenance, dressed in white drill that to his experienced eyes had the cut of a uniform.

"Dutch!" he thought. "Official. If they're coming here there's going to be the deuce of a row ... I wish Cardon was back."

In a very little time he knew indubitably that the boat was making for the schooner, and with the certainty a touch of excitement quickened his heart-beats and he laughed softly.

"Prepare to repel boarders!"

He thrust the revolver into the breast of his tunic, put aside the glasses and leaned over the rail nonchalantly, like a man idling, with the time heavy on his hands. The whale-boat came nearer, and he saw that indubitably it was making for the schooner's accommodation ladder, which was almost beneath him. He shifted his position slightly, so as to command the ladder perfectly, then, his course of action decided, waited, outwardly indifferent but within tense and alert.

The boat drove up to the ladder. One of its crew stretched a boat-hook and caught the hand-rail.

Yeo's Free Hand Shot Out, and as the Oriental Took the Blow He Was Jerked Clean Off the Ladder and Toppled Backward Into the Water.

Looking down he encountered Ransome's eyes. The man grinned broadly and a leer of triumph came on his face. The man's expression stung Dan Yeo to the quick, and at the same time hardened the resolution he had already made. He gave no sign of his feelings, however, but waited until the stranger Dutchman lifted himself from the stern of the whale-boat, and stretched a hand towards the ladder.

"Hello, mynheer," he said quietly, "what do you want?"

"Dat I will esplain when aboard I haf come."

"No!" answered Yeo, coolly. "You will explain from the boat if at all. No one comes aboard the Frigate Bird in the owner's absence... That is an invariable rule."

The Dutchman spluttered violently.

"You talk dat way to me? Dat is because you not understand. I am de commandant. De government here—dat is me, an' I haf come to search dis ship for a woman whom you haf stolen—"

"Worse and worse!" broke in Yeo, with laughter. "But the rule holds, mynheer. I'm sure Jack Cardon would not approve of your searching his ship in his absence. You'll have to wait."

"No!" cried the commandant. "Dat I will not. Now, I come aboard——"

He broke off and took a step toward the ladder, but Dan Yeo's voice brought him up short.

"Careful, mynheer!"

The Dutchman looked up, and found himself gazing straight into the muzzle of the pistol which Yeo had slipped from its hiding place. He looked from it to Yeo's face, and what he saw there made him pause, balancing precariously one foot on the ladder and the other on the thwart of the boat. Then his face flushed like a man taken with an apoplexy and he fairly collapsed.

"Rascal! You defy the government! Donder en bliksen! We will see. Put away that pistol at

(Continued on Page 20)

For Tan and Colored Shoes

Just wonderful results. ColorShine Neutral Color Creme cleans, polishes, restores color, preserves leather. Easy to use. Only 10¢ at 10¢ stores. 12 kinds, for all colors, kid, suede, cloth shoes. Larger bottles only 25¢ at Department and Shoe Stores. It's wonderful!

CHIEFTAIN MFG. CO.
BALTIMORE, MD.

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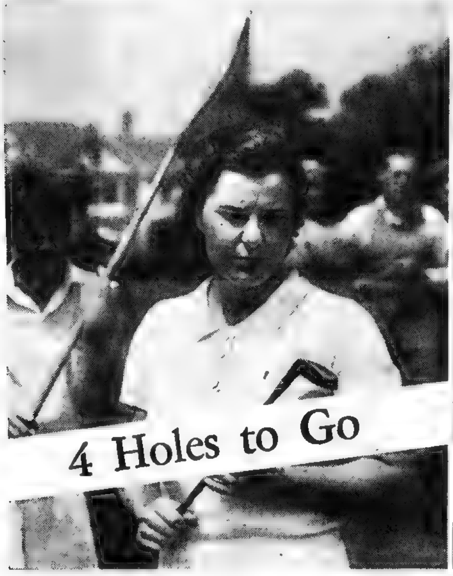


MISS HELEN HICKS rose to the supreme heights of golf to win the women's championship of the United States—defeating the 5-times U.S. champion and the champion of Great Britain on two successive days. A frequent smoker while on the fairways, Miss Hicks has learned how to guard against fatigue. And what she has to say on this subject will be of interest to every smoker.

HELEN HICKS tells her way of regaining youthful energy

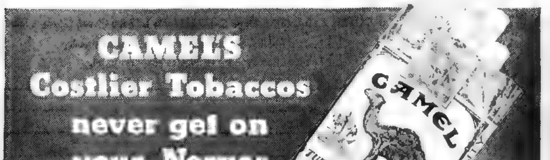
Men and women in every walk of life are finding a refreshing way to defeat the fatigue and irritability that are bound to come when you've used up your energy. It is a way that Miss Helen Hicks, the brilliant woman golfer, refers to in these terms:

"The strain of championship golf puts a tremendous tax upon your energy—mentally and physically! When I'm fortunate enough to reach the finals where every shot counts—where my fate hangs upon each drive, each approach, each putt—I often find that I'm absolutely exhausted at the finish. But I never mind. I know I can always restore my energy quickly with a Camel. For you get a delightful 'lift' with a Camel. And it's a 'lift' that I enjoy often, as I find I can smoke Camels constantly without a sign of jangled nerves."

Every rôle in life has its strain. Every job drains away energy. Every day has its many moments of uncertainty...self-distrust...low spirits.

So why not turn to Camels yourself ...for more smoking enjoyment...for their wholesome effect in guarding against fatigue and irritability? Millions of experienced smokers have found for themselves that Camels give a delightful "lift." And science definitely confirms what they say.

Smoke these delightful cigarettes as much as you please. For Camels are milder—made from costlier tobaccos—and never upset healthy nerves.



● Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

"Get a LIFT with a Camel!"

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What Men Dislike in Women

Thousands of men vote dull, off-color teeth one of their "pet hates"—wide survey proves you must have brighter smile—white, brilliant teeth—to win masculine hearts

Dental scientists say—your smile can be no brighter than your teeth. They find that 7 stains which mar smiles of millions can now be completely removed

WHAT do men hate to see in a woman? What do they admire?

To find out, Mary Day Winn, well-known author and magazine editor, recently analyzed questionnaires sent out to thousands of men—young men, old men, middle-aged men. Men from Boston to Hollywood

The answers? As varied as the men themselves

But on certain points the men stuck together.

Most of them were very outspoken against oily, stringy hair. Poor complexions. Twisted stocking seams. Shoulder straps that show. And . .

Here's one thing men from coast to coast disliked . . .

Dull, off-color teeth. One can't help wondering whether women fully realize how much men notice women's teeth.

Their "ideal woman" (this was stressed by men of all ages) has a lovely smile, showing white, sparkling teeth.

"But I can't do anything about my *smile*," do we hear someone wailing?

Nonsense! Women all over America are learning that they can improve their smiles—amazingly

First, with the simple Smile Exercise given below.

Second, and still more important, by ridding teeth of what you may have thought of as a natural, permanent dullness.

Naturally dull teeth? There's no such thing, say scientists

The most hopeful words ever uttered by Science on the appearance of teeth are these: *Dull teeth are merely stained teeth*—stained by everything we eat, drink and smoke.

Yes, everything we eat and drink and smoke leaves tiny deposits on our teeth. At first, we can't see these deposits with the naked eye . . . but the microscope reveals them. Unless all are completely removed, they gradually build up. Eventually they discolor the teeth with stains that are visible.

Science has classified these hundreds of stains into 7 general groups, described in the interesting "stain chart" at the right.

Since the 7 groups of stains are chemically different, it requires more than one kind of cleansing action to remove them—completely. Most toothpastes have only *one* cleansing action—so fail to remove *all* stains.

Colgate's removes all 7 stains!

Colgate's Dental Cream completely removes all 7 stains, because Colgate's has *two* cleansing actions. First, a penetrating foam washes away most of the stains. Second, a gentle polishing action removes the more stubborn stains, and in addition polishes your teeth to a brilliant, sparkling lustre. Colgate's refreshes the mouth; sweetens the breath, too.

Your dentist plays a larger part in your romantic life than you might suppose. For his care of your teeth helps you keep the youthful contours of your cheeks, often prevents the overlap or a too-wide separation of teeth. Makes you more attractive.

As to tooth cleansing, remember this:

Colgate's is recommended by more dentists than any other toothpaste on earth.

Famous Woman Writer reports on what men Like and Hate

MARY DAY WINN, fiction editor and author of "Adam's Rib" and "The Macadam Trail," recently analyzed thousands of questionnaires sent out to men. She discovered such interesting things as:

Men prefer brunettes, two to one!

Men hate shoulder straps that show.

Men loathe stocking seams gone awry.

AND—men certainly do like the girl who has a lovely smile, showing white, sparkling, teeth. Learn how to have the smile men admire.

How does a man rate a girl when it comes to appearance? If you rate 100% on the following points, consider yourself, in the men's own language, "darned attractive." For here is what they look for, hope for, in the ideal woman!

1. Good complexion
2. Good figure
3. White sparkling teeth
4. Nice hair
5. Good clothes
6. Pretty hands
7. Attractive feet

Men pay more attention to teeth than you might suppose. Here are typical expressions of their views:

"I like a girl's teeth to look white and attractive (not all teeth do)"...

"My ideal girl has a flashing smile, showing teeth that really gleam"...

"White, pearly teeth... man, that girl has them!"

"Teeth that show white next to a tan skin."

How to have a Brighter Smile

There is natural charm in a spontaneous smile—and no beauty expert would want to rob you of that. But why not add to that charm—by acquiring a fuller smile—a more attractive tilt of the head—and whiter, brighter teeth?

THE Smile Exercise
BEAUTY EDITORS NOW ADVOCATE

1 Before a mirror, stretch lips as wide as possible. (Notice that movie stars' smiles fully disclose their beautiful teeth.) Relax. Repeat until muscles are tired.

2 Practice that wider smile before your mirror, tilting your head at various angles as you smile. Now over the shoulder, now with the head back.

3 Gradually, begin to practice your wider, more vivacious smiles when with others. BUT remember, the important part of a smile is . . . the teeth you reveal.

THE Two-Way Cleansing
THAT MAKES TEETH WHITER—SMILES BRIGHTER

1 Today, change to the two-action toothpaste—Colgate's. Here's why. Food, drink and smoking leave 7 kinds of stains on teeth. No one-action toothpaste can remove them all.

2 But note how Colgate's two actions remove these stains! *First:* You can *feel* the bubbling, cleansing action of Colgate's penetrating foam, which removes many stains.

3 *Next,* Colgate's polishing action removes the remaining stains and *polishes* teeth to a brilliant lustre. Colgate's also refreshes the mouth—sweetens the breath.

Read What Science says about Seven Stains

Dr. Kurt W. Haeseler, Ph D., of Columbia University, and a chemist of national repute, has painstakingly, month after month, worked on this problem of the stains that discolor teeth. Dr. Haeseler says

"Our laboratory tests have proved that all food, drink and tobacco *do* leave tiny deposits on the teeth. Unless these deposits are completely removed, they gradually and slowly build up, and eventually discolor your teeth. Some foods, blueberries, for instance, leave a deposit which you can actually see right after eating. Other foods leave a deposit which is visible only through a microscope.

"Now, as there are hundreds of different foods, each one chemically different, it follows that there are really hundreds of different tiny stains left on your teeth. But it is perfectly proper to classify all these hundreds of stains under *seven* different groups."

Above are actual color photographs of the 7 types of stains that discolor teeth. These stains have been concentrated to show how serious they *may* become unless completely removed.

Double Your Money Back

IF ONE TUBE OF COLGATE'S DOESN'T MAKE YOUR TEETH WHITER

If, after using one tube, you are not satisfied that Colgate's has made your teeth whiter, your smile brighter than any other toothpaste you've used before . . . just send the empty tube to Colgate's, Jersey City, New Jersey . . . and twice what you paid for the toothpaste, plus postage, will be returned to you at once.

If you prefer powder, COLGATE'S DENTAL POWDER gives the same amazing results . . . sells at the same low prices.

EVERY MONDAY NIGHT

Tune in on "The Colgate House Party" every Monday night at 9 30 P M., E. D. S. T. Hear Joe Cook, Donald Novis, Frances Langford, Don Voorhees and his orchestra. Over N B.C. stations. Coast to Coast.

LARGE TUBE Now 20¢

GIANT TUBE (Double quantity) 35¢

The Mating of Dan Yeo

By Otwell Binns

(Continued [illegible] Page [illegible])

[illegible] at [illegible] not at [illegible] more or I will [illegible] arrested an [illegible] to Batavia and [illegible] put [illegible] to the calaboose."

"A first-class international incident [illegible]," said Yeo. "[illegible] the way of being an American when he flaunts the stars and stripes. And the U. S. A. are touchy about incidents of that sort. I'd think twice and once again if I were you, commandant."

The commandant did. His fat [illegible] of mental effort [illegible] he snapped. "When does this Cardon return?"

"[illegible] Might be in [illegible] late afternoon. [illegible] up to the ladder [illegible]——"

"[illegible] No! [illegible] But [illegible] when I [illegible] you [illegible] I will [illegible]——"

T[illegible] ladder to [illegible] a man [illegible] reached the ladder, [illegible] began to ascend it with [illegible] of a cat. It was [illegible] he had a knife in [illegible] hand. Dan Yeo marked the [illegible] and waited calmly until the man was within striking distance, then [illegible] hand shot out and [illegible] took the blow he [illegible] off the ladder and [illegible] backward into the water [illegible] the boat fished him [illegible] commandant shook his [illegible] inarticulate wrath, and [illegible] he roared an order, the [illegible] dipped their oars and the [illegible] the side of the Frigate [illegible]

[illegible] Yeo watched its departure [illegible] eyes, then muttered [illegible] "Here's a pretty [illegible] of fish! That fat Dutch[illegible] come back and bring half [illegible] command with him. Better [illegible] move on, I think."

He began to shout orders. The Malay crew awoke to life and activity and soon the schooner was buzzing like a hive, preparing for departure. In the midst of the activity Yeo became aware of two things—a boat driving from the shore and the woman Mahya peeping furtively from [illegible] steps of the companion way [illegible] scared look on her face.

"Lord Danyo—" she began stammeringly, but Yeo interrupted her harshly.

"Go below! Don't look out of the port. If Sun Kee should see you—"

"Already he has seen—"

"I knew it. That's what brought [illegible] up the ladder so double-quick. Well, it can't be helped. Thank heaven, Cardon's coming back."

He watched the woman slip down the stairs, glanced at the boat now well on its way to the schooner and then again gave his attention to the preparation for sailing. Almost ten minutes after Cardon came up the side.

"Good old Dan!" he said, as he [illegible] the preparation going forward. "You've heard the news, [illegible]"

"News! I've heard nothing, [illegible] Sun Kee and part of the [illegible] we met last night have [illegible] here with the port officer, looking for that woman—"

"Is that so?" Cardon laughed. "They tried to arrest me just now [illegible] I was near the boat and that port officer was fat—" He laughed again. "I'll sure be jugged for assault, if we don't get away. It was only one lefthand[illegible] soft place but the Dutchy [illegible] the street. They came aboard, you said—"

"No, I didn't, little man. I [illegible] they came here, but they didn't come aboard. I kept them [illegible]"

[illegible] master of the Frigate Bird laughed again. "I'll not enquire how. The sooner we're at [illegible] the better for our health. Hollandia's a rotten place anyway." He himself took charge. "Get that boat in smart," he said in a voice that made the crew jump. Other orders he gave, with [illegible] and sharpness far removed from his usual mild habit. The Malays began to hurry, [illegible] they worked, bustling [illegible] to another. Then [illegible]

"M[illegible] capstan!"

Naked feet stamped along the deck and the capstan began to sing hoarsely out of tune with [illegible] sung in native [illegible]. Dan Yeo took up the binoculars again and turned them shorewards, where was evidence of much activity. Two boats were being manned, and by one were men with rifles. He laughed at the sight.

"Hurry, little man. There's a corporal's file or so over there, with guns, and baggaunets, fifes and drums' for aught I know. They're going to lay us by the heel a filibusters——"

"Not this tide!" laughed back the master of the Frigate Bird. "The hook will be up before they're here, and if it isn't and they try to board——"

His mild tone ended on a note that to those who knew him would have been a warning, and as he turned anew to the business in hand, Yeo continued to watch the doings ashore. The boats were afloat, the oars dipped in ragged time, the bows began to cleave the waves stirred by the brisk wind. He heard Cardon's voice in an oath that was cold as ice. The chanty had ceased, and no longer came the slap of naked feet upon the deck. There was some trouble at the capstan—

"Look at her," Whispered Cardon. "She's no Eurasian. No Dyak—No Eastern Blood Mixture of Any Brand Whatever."

what he did not know, but the [illegible] continued and the two boats were half way towards the schooner.

"Hades."

The single word told Dan Yeo that his friend was raging, and he measured the distance of the oncoming boats carefully. In five minutes they would be within hailing distance, in eight they would be alongside, and if that came to pass—he laughed recklessly and took out Ransome's pistol. The men in the boats came armed with deadlier weapons than authority; and force could be met with force, if necessary. Then there was a joyful shout. The groaning of the capstan was resumed, and through the beginnings of the resumed chanty, he heard Cardon laugh.

"All's well, Dan!"

A moment later there was another shout, a sudden spate of orders, and the schooner began to move. Yeo felt the lift of her with a surge of relief. Reckless though he was he knew it was one thing to mock authority, and another to defy it with arms, and the authority of the Netherlands had a long arm in these seas. The shore began to recede. The long street with its dancing plumes grew less distinct, the boats, though the rowers were driving them, now began to fall behind. Across the intervening water came a stentorian hail, and he heard Cardon laugh. Then as the sails filled, the wind began to sing through the cordage, and the schooner took her way to the open sea. There was another shout and through the binoculars, Yeo saw the gleam of leveled rifles.

"Duck, little man!" he roared, but himself remained upright. He saw the faint smoke of the discharge before the wind whisked it away, heard something scream among the shrouds, and caught Cardon's voice.

"The swine to ——

The chant of the wind and the crash of the seas drowned the rest of the words. The rainbow lines in the street became a blur and vanished, the street itself grew less distinct, the boats were mere blots in the blueness of the water, the purple ranges lifted themselves behind the green which began to change their contours, then Hollandia itself became a mere blur, and only jungle and sea and the high ranges remained as the schooner lifted the swell outside the bay.

"Ducked them, Dan," Cardon's laughing voice came to him and he turned swiftly to meet his friend. "That fat Dutchman will sure have it in for us for evermore. It's a case of 'ware Hollandia for a year or two for the pair of us."

Yeo laughed back.

"As like as not the fellow will send out the hue and cry after us. Charge flouting authority and abduction. What are you going to do with that woman, old son?"

The little man laughed again. "Restore her to her ancestral halls—with Lord Danyo to assure her forgiveness, and then scoop those birds."

CHAPTER VII.

"The Seven Pearls"

"YOU don't believe all that rot you were talking last night, Jack? You can't! You were sure joshing?"

"Never a bishop was half so serious, Dan. The Archipelago is not the Atlantic. Here, remember what that Kipling fellow says, 'the wildest tales are true!' These are the seas of mystery, today as much as they were when Magellan's caravels came this way, and Drake drove through them in the Golden Hind. There are things that go right back to those days, and forgotten beaches where the K. P. M. boats never call, that sprout romance. Things don't change out here—only appearances. That big sprawling land behind for instance—who knows anything about it? Up in the ranges they still deck their caves with men's heads, and up the rivers both you and I have heard the drums beat for a cannibal feast. And out there," he flung a hand towards the open sea, "think of the islands! The sea's dusted with them as thick as the sky with stars—big an' little, in waters that nobody's troubled to chart because nobody ever goes there."

He paused, his hand dived in the pocket of his tunic and produced a black cheroot. He lit it, puffed a moment or two, and then continued in the manner of a man thinking aloud.

"There are big blank spaces there, where you fall out of the run of ordinary things. You know it, Dan—same as me. You've been there—an' seen things rummier than those that Mahya yarns about, ragged ends of mysteries that give a fellow a headache that aspirin won't shift; an' things madder than men dream about in lunatic asylums. And all true as Gospel and real as the palm-trees and the crabs. And why shouldn't the woman's tale be true? She's flesh and blood anyway, and Sun Kee didn't catch that wonder-bird in any place where there were others or he and that dirty crowd wouldn't be so keen to learn the secret of where it was bred. And as for the temple—ain't the East the native land of them. You've seen 'em, forgotten, with the jungle creeping over them—places half as old as time, with carvings of gods that would make an old shellback blush like a schoolmarm. Suppose there's a crowd that worships a wooden image that's so like you that you might have sat for it to an R. A.? What's there in that? Out here everybody believes in reincarnation, an' anyway it's as feasible as judgment day, an' a sight more reasonable."

"Oh, come off it, little man. If you're going to ride that horse——"

"Why not? You came this way a century or two ago, or more, an' now you come back upon the old line, and hit against Mahya who knows you for the old Danyo. That's as likely as lots of things we've seen and known to be true. And life always runs in circles, and men are like kittens chasing their own tails...You don't remember it you say. Likely not. But that don't count for as much as a row of beans. You've forgotten half the things that have happened since you ran away to sea to be a pirate, an' can't remember 'em even when you try...It's the same with me, but Mahya remembers the image and recognizes——"

"Talk of the devil——"

Yeo jerked his head forward, and Cardon turned to see the woman whose name had been on his lips emerging from the companion stairs. She reached the deck, and stood there for a moment, not perceiving them. Her hair caught and blown by the wind sheened golden in the sunlight. Her eyes were bluer than ever, and in the strong light her quite beautiful face in its whiteness challenged and defeated their own.

"Look at her," whispered Cardon. "She's no Eurasian. No Dyak—no darn Eastern blood mixture of any brand whatever, but plain European or American. And her story's true. That bird of Sun Kee's and Mahya herself are the evidence of it...And we're going to prove it. The tale is of a stone stockade where the whites live and fight the Dyaks; but as like as not we'll find just a ramshackle town of mats and slats, like little boxes stuck on fishing poles, and some old ruin of a temple carved monstrously—same as we've seen hundreds of times, but them birds will be real and as like as not the graven image of you, Dan Yeo, will be real too, and—"

"If you're counting on that, Cardon—"

The little man laughed half at himself, half at his friend.

"Well," he said, "we'll have the fun of the search, an' that's worth more than money. And—Ah! the woman's seen us. She's coming this way—timid as a fawn or as a devotee before her god. Dan, I shouldn't wonder if she falls down and worships—"

"Oh, go to blazes!" cried Yeo, impatiently and turning on his heel, marched towards the bow, where he stood staring out at the leagues of blue sea, whilst Cardon, relieved of his presence entered into a polyglot conversation with Mahya, in the desire to discover something that might help to solve the sacred secret she embodied and the mystery of the island from which she came.

* * *

It was a whole month later when the Frigate Bird lifted the Aru Islands in a sunset which stained the west with the light of a great fire which the sea reflected like a burnished mirror. A school of porpoises rolled at the bow, and astern under the flaming sky and in the burning sea there was turmoil where thresher sharks fought with a whale, harrying to death the great mammal of the sea much as wolves hound a moose in the northern wilds. Nearer at hand flying fish flashed gloriously in the dying sun, bonitos skimmered in the glaring light, and gulls fluttered and gleamed, now poised on wide pinions, now floating in the fiery sea. Looking at the low, flat, heavily wooded islands, through the binoculars, Cardon spoke to his friend.

"There's old Dobbo. It's all of two years since I was at the place, and we're not calling there this tide. But here's our true jumping off place, and somewhere that way lies the Island of the Sacred Birds."

He waved a hand in the direction of the southeast as he spoke, and Yeo stared in the direction indicated, and made answer:

"In the shallow seas. I've been there. The man who sails down that way drops out of the world. It's off the track of things, one of the blankety blank places as stuck with scraps of islands as a cake is stuck with currants, and all of 'em condemnably unprofitable places."

"I know," answered Cardon cheerfully.

"We'll never lift a sail except of prous or Chinese junks, and we'll make landfalls so unexpected that they'll lift your hair, Jack. We'll sail alone on a wide, wide sea, dotted with coral rocks and mud banks, and as like as not we'll lose the ship, or get kai-kaied by some unholy race that won't move out of cannibalism any time during the next thousand years."

"Want to turn back, Dan? I never knew you were a quitter before."

"Quitter!" Dan Yeo laughed. "You know better, little man. When I begin I go to the end."

He looked towards the low coastline of Aru, and then turned in the direction of the ship's prow.

"There's nought to be said for Aru. I spent three months there once, bird and bug hunting for a swell collector. Dobbo is a hole—all bugs and Chinese, and not a Christian among them—but out there is the end of the world, where the land peters out in islands like strings of blots flung by a pen, and where the water's all coral reefs and tides—a place the Almighty forgot to tidy up and finish."

"I know," Cardon said in his mild voice. "Charts are vague and the place is chock full of heathen about whom nobody troubles, and whose little ways and doings are as secret as a Masonic lodge, but somewhere among them is the rock we're going to find, and the white folk to whom Mahya belongs that wait for you, Dan Yeo, as they've waited for a century or two or more—"

"That rot!"

Cardon laughed cheerfully. "Don't fancy yourself as a messiah, hey, Dan? Well, some are born to greatness and some—"

"Stop joshing, and tell me how you're going to find the confounded place. There are hundreds and hundreds of islands—like midges on a river, and how you're going to sail up to the one we're wanting beats me. There's no name to hunt up on the chart such as it is, no description but that josh about a temple and Mahya's yarn about a fort—and heaven knows both are as common as reefs in these seas, for the Dutchmen built forts all down this way, and if you're going to stop and investigate every forsaken rock that has a stone stockade—"

"I'm not. There's no need," interrupted Cardon with a soft chuckle. "Mahya is a better pilot than you know, Yeo. There's no need to go from island to islet dodging spears and coral reefs and tides, for the woman has given me a description that is as good as a red cross on the chart."

"You never told me that, Jack Cardon," said Yeo with a quickening of interest.

"No," Cardon laughed. "Kept it as a prize for a good boy. But I can put my thumb on the place on the chart—"

"Thumb covers a hundred miles or two, north, south, east and west," grunted Yeo.

"Wrong! It covers a string of seven islands big an' little, and the biggest of them is the place we're looking for."

"A string of seven islands—in these seas! Little man, there are hundreds——"

"Come into the cabin and I'll show you——"

Cardon led the way, and Yeo followed without a word. His blue eyes danced with suppressed excitement as he watched the other unroll the chart—an old one that no doubt was long ago out of date. Then after a moment's search Cardon put the thumb of which he had spoken on the chart.

"There!" he said in his mild way.

Dan Yeo stared at the place thus indicated, and saw the string of seven islands stretched like a row of dots on the chart. Then he read the name printed there

"Seven Pearls."

He continued to stare for a little while, then at last he spoke.

"Seven right enough! But how do you know——"

"The old Dutch navigator sailed these seas. He gave his name to this group, and to no other. There may be other groups of seven—but this, if the chart isn't a lying jade, is the only one that strings out in line. Probably the place was settled by Dutch and forgotten or given up as not worth while when Holland took the bigger islands further west. Anyway in 'Sailing Directions' there's a note about the place which I've ferretted out. Here it is: 'Schoulen's Seven Pearls. Large island fortified and surrounded by reef. Entrance through latter in direct line with the fort.' That's all, but it's enough, Dan Yeo. 'Sailing Directions' is not a library of high romance. It's as prosaic as an auctioneer's catalogue—but a thundering lot more reliable. And remember Sun Kee picked up Mahya somewhere down Aru way. There's Aru and here is Seven Pearls.

(Continued on Page 25)

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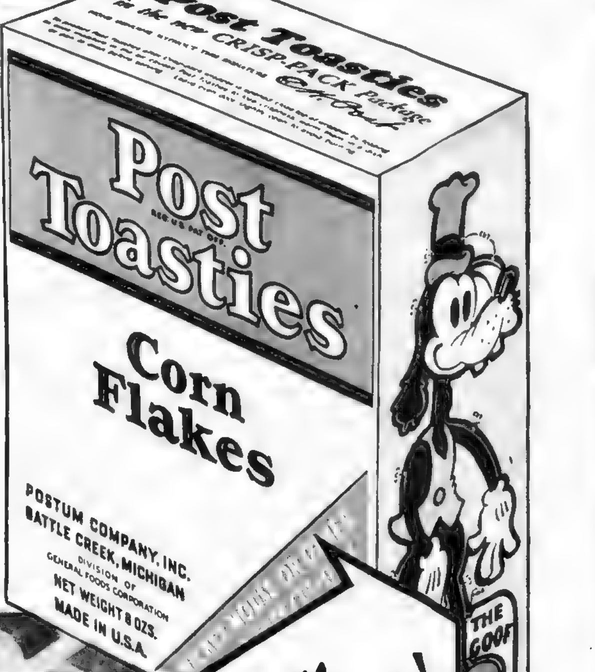
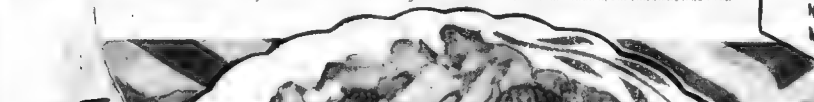




She Walked Into His Parlor by Maysie Greig

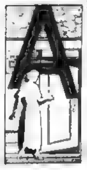
Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

[illegible] ... real happiness ... depressed by her ... gold digger ...

Under the impression ... While ... Freda ... [illegible]

CHAPTER XXII.

Ann Speaks Her Mind.



ANN adored Kent. She had taken her troubles to him ... could remember. He ... was a most satisfactory person to bring your troubles to. He was never censorious and he invariably made you laugh at yourself which was half the battle.

Besides, it wasn't like being advised by an older person. More like talking things over with a member of your own generation, who had somehow acquired more wisdom, far more broadmindedness and a great deal more kindliness than any of your generation could possibly have.

The front door of Lawnswood was wide open. Ann always had walked straight in without waiting to be announced; she walked straight in now. She went to Kent's study but he wasn't there. She heard someone moving about in the room overhead and after a cursory inspection of the downstairs rooms ran up the wide oak staircase.

"Kent!" she called as she reached the top, but there was no reply. She went further along the softly carpeted corridor and stopped before an open door.

Bob was standing with his back to her, flinging clothes into a trunk and two suitcases. All the drawers were pulled out; the room was in wild disorder. The sunlight came in through the half-open window like the golden blade of a sword, piercing the gray carpet where lay shirts, underclothes, sox, suits.

Ann was so startled that she exclaimed:

"Whatever is the matter, Bob?"

He swung round quickly to face her.

"Good heavens, what are you doing here, Ann?" he demanded, running a hand quickly through his curling brown hair while a faint flush of annoyance rose to his temples.

"I came to look for Kent," she told him.

"Oh." He glanced from her to the mess on the floor. "I'm packing to go away," he said.

She smiled faintly, while something tugged at her heart. He was going away. Well, did it matter since she had lost him anyhow? All the same it did matter. It mattered very much.

"It's rather obvious you're going somewhere," she commented.

He grinned. He could grin almost as attractively as Kent could.

"I always was a rotten packer. I would have got Mason to do it for me, but he's out for the day."

Ann stepped further into the room.

"Let me help you," she said.

He hesitated, and again that faint flush was noticeable on his face.

"It would be mighty decent of you, Ann, but ..." He paused. He was trying to say it didn't seem to him right that she should do his packing now. Especially when he was going to marry Freda.

"But, what?" she smiled.

"Oh, nothing," he said, lamely. "I just thought it might be too much trouble for you."

She knew something else had been in his mind, but she was afraid to probe too deeply. There is a self-protective instinct in all of us.

"It won't be any trouble," she said quietly. "I've nothing else to do this afternoon."

"I thought you'd be out with that fellow—what was his name, Wiley?—who was so stuck on you last night."

After he'd said it he could have kicked himself. Why should he resent the fuss Dick Wiley had made over Ann last night? It wasn't, he assured himself, that he had any interest in Ann any longer. But he couldn't help feeling it a little infra dig that any fellow should make himself such an obvious dumbbell over any girl. He felt it let down his whole sex. The fellow must be a fool, and he didn't like to think of a fool getting Ann.

"Didn't you like Dick?" she asked. It was quite obvious from his tone that he hadn't liked him.

"I guess he's all right," he grumbled. "Not the sort of fellow I could ever be real friends with though."

"Why?" she demanded.

He had no answer to that. He could think of no sensible reason why he shouldn't be real friends with Dick Wiley, so he mumbled, "Not my type, that's all."

Ann, wisely, let it rest at that. All the same, as she knelt on the floor and started to roll up his sox into neat little bundles prior to putting them into his suitcase, she felt happier. But her happiness was to be shortlived. As he mooched about the room imagining he was helping her, picking up things she wasn't ready for, and having to put them back again, he felt tempted to confide in her.

"I had a mean row with Dad this morning. That's why I'm clearing out." He coughed and added impressively, "I'm clearing out for good."

Ann sat back on her heels and stared at him in startled surprise. But all she said was, "Nonsense, you don't know what you're talking about, and if you do you'll regret it tomorrow," and went on packing.

"It isn't nonsense," he insisted, aggrieved by the casual way she had taken it. He felt in a dramatic mood. "I'm leaving Dad's house for good and never coming back."

"Why?"

"I told you I've had a row with him," he explained in patient irritation.

"But one often does have rows with one's parents," she pointed out philosophically. "Parents are the most comfortable people to have rows with. They never hold it against you afterwards. You can work off all your anger and complexes on them, say the meanest, nastiest things, and ten minutes later you're in their arms and instead of your apologizing to them, it's they who are apologizing to you, though, poor lambs, they haven't done or said anything!"

"This wasn't just an ordinary row," Bob grumbled, still more annoyed by her attempt to make light of it. "Dad insulted someone I am very fond of. He wounded her bitterly; so bitterly she'll never forgive him and I won't either. I told him just what I thought of him this morning."

Ann was sitting back on her heels again. She looked like some small bronze idol in the slanting sunlight. She was frowning.

"But, Bob, you know Kent always does insult people. It's his stock in trade. But in such a charming way only someone without a sense of humor could possibly take offence. He's naturally so generous and kindhearted that, if he didn't insult you, he'd probably get all soppy and sentimental over you and that would be terrible. Surely you know that."

"This was quite different," he told her, scowling. "You don't understand. Anyhow Freda and I are through with him. Neither of us ever want to see him again."

"Oh," said Ann quietly, too quietly. "So it's this girl who is putting you against Kent, is it?"

"It isn't, at all. I merely found out what Dad had done and said to her."

"I guess she told you!"

"Of course she told me when I taxed her with it. She thinks he is an insufferable cad, and he is!"

Ann sprang to her feet. She, too, was angry. Her dark eyes flashed. Her lips quivered.

"Kent isn't an insufferable cad, and you know it," she flung at him. "He's the most adorable man in the whole world. And if he has insulted anyone—I mean really insulted them, I'm darned well sure they deserved it, so there!"

"How dare you say that?" he cried furiously. "If you knew Freda you'd realize that any man ought to be horsewhipped who insulted her intentionally. Dad's conduct was inexcusable. Freda—"

"Oh, blame Freda!" Ann suddenly stamped her foot at him in a fury. "She's the cause of everything—all this rotten mess. Not content with having taken you from me, she's now turned you against your father. I've never met her, but I think she must be a beast. I . . . ."

"If you don't take that back and apologize I'll never speak to you again," Bob thundered.

She stood regarding him, her hands flat on her hips, a faintly sarcastic curl on her pretty red lips.

"It seems to me by the time she's finished with you you won't be speaking to anyone. You and she will have to go away to some remote island so that you won't be brought into contact with all the mean people who have insulted one or the other of you. I guess I'm now in the same category as your father? Well, it's a darn good category to be in, so I'm not grumbling!"

"You seem to have such a huge admiration for Dad, why don't you marry him?" he demanded.

Her face suddenly crimsoned. It went a deep scarlet, as though he had struck her. "If you haven't any more sense than that you ought to be shot," she said tersely. "I'm sorry I even offered to help you pack!"

"You needn't have. I didn't ask you to. I'm perfectly capable of doing it myself."

"Oh, are you? Then do it yourself. Do it all by yourself! She picked up the suitcase she had just finished packing and dumped the entire contents back on the floor. Her gesture may have been dramatic but, to Ann, it was a hugely satisfactory gesture.

Bob was astounded. He had never seen Ann in such a mood. "I didn't know you had such a mean nature," he said harshly. "I didn't know ..."

"There seem to be a lot of things you didn't know," she retorted furiously. "You may have broken our engagement, but I'd like you to know I wouldn't marry you now if you were the last man on this earth! Were I given the choice I think I'd rather marry the garbage man!"

At that she stalked abruptly out of the room. Bob was left staring after her. He stood there a long time while his anger slowly began to cool. But by then it was too late to run after her, even had he wished to. Anyhow, what would have been the use? He was going to marry Freda and he didn't want to have anything more to do with Ann. How he had misjudged her! He had always looked upon her as sweet, amiable and essentially fair-minded. Whereas, in fact, she had proved herself quite the contrary. Hot tempered, unfair, even cattily feminine at her rival's expense.

"I'm well rid of her," he muttered as he surveyed the mess she had made when she flung all his clothes out of the suitcase on to the floor. Just then that seemed almost the worst of her manifold crimes. He would have to put everything in again.

"Well," he went on in his mind, "at least that clears my conscience. Since she's behaved like this I don't need to worry any more about her. I don't even need to think of her again."

All the same as he started once more to repack he found he was thinking a great deal about Ann. She might be hot tempered, unfair, even cattily feminine at her rival's expense... but there is something irresistible to a man about a girl who swears she wouldn't marry him if he were the last man on earth.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Caroline's Offer.

MRS. CAROLINE REDFERN was entertaining at tea. Her tea-party was not large, it consisted solely of a handsome, well set up man of thirty-two or three, whose hair was dark, whose features were well molded and if there was a slight petulance about his upper lip he hid it successfully with a small, neatly clipped mustache.

The drawing room of Mrs. Caroline Redfern's duplex apartment was small and pleasantly decorated, if somewhat old-fashioned. The lampshades had frilled skirts and the cushions were rucked taffeta with tassels. The furniture was light rosewood, the tables had incredibly thin spindle legs, indeed they looked as though one breath of air would knock them over.

There was a settee that was fairly hard and two tapestry armchairs that didn't encourage lounging. Kent had remarked that it was the worst possible room from a man's point of view and that it alone would have prevented him marrying her. Caroline had retorted that if they married she would move, of course, to Lawnswood.

"But I thought you hated the country," he had mocked.

"And if I do," she returned, "we can bring all your clumsy old furniture up to a New York house. At least it will be appreciated in the servants' quarters!"

But Mrs. Caroline Redfern's present guest didn't seem to mind the furniture. Though he looked athletic one got an impression that he would be more at home in a drawing room than on a sport's field. Certainly he was very adept at balancing the thin china cup and saucer on his striped trouser knee.

"It seems terrible that you should be in such strained circumstances, Clive," Caroline was saying. "I can't believe it yet. I have such delightful memories of visiting you and your wife in your charming house in Havana. That was when I was over in Cuba, chaperoning Mrs. Cranston's daughter, wasn't it? Heavens, but she was difficult! When Freddie Monkhouse finally proposed I almost fell on his neck and wept for joy, though it lost me a cool five thousand a year, not to mention traveling expenses. And those were heavy enough! Poor Freddie went to all the four corners of the earth in his effort to avoid her. And after little Freddie, Elvira—did you ever hear such a dreadful name?—and I went. She finally landed him in South America. I think the poor boy was homesick and travel weary. I guess he figured that the States even with Elvira was preferable to constant travel! Anyhow, as I was saying, it was in Havana that we

(Continued on Page 24)

Bob Had Never Seen Ann in Such a Mood. "I didn't know you had such a mean nature," He Said Harshly. "I didn't know . . ."

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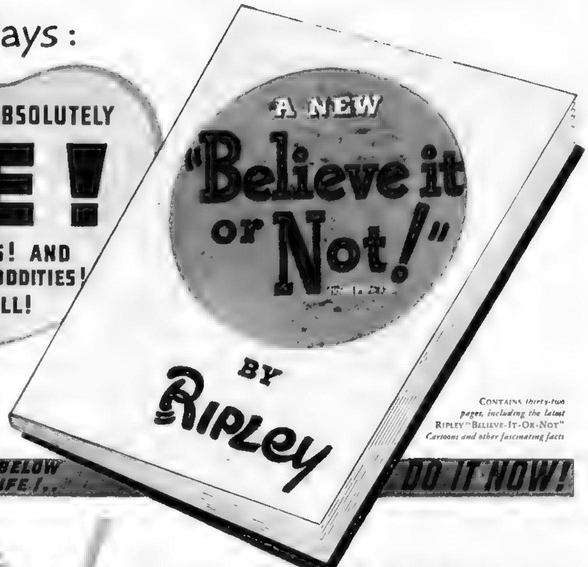

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She Walked Into His Parlor
by Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 22)

met you and your late wife, wasn't it? She was very wealthy, I gathered. What happened to the money?"

"It was all entailed," Clive told her. "On her death it went to her husband's children by his first marriage. Every cent of it."

Caroline looked at him archly. "That was rather a blow, wasn't it? Would you have married her had you known?"

He reddened uncomfortably. He removed his tea cup from his knee onto the slightly faded carpet. "That's scarcely a fair question, is it?" he said presently.

Caroline threw back her head and laughed lightly. "Forgive me, but I'm the soul of indiscretion. All my friends know it and they don't mind what I say. But, of course, you married her for her money. She was old and fat and if she had any charms they were certainly very well hidden."

"She was a very kind woman," Clive said rather lamely. "And I was desperately hard up at the time I married her. I was ill, too, and the doctors didn't hold out much hope of my being able to work again for some time. I had borrowed the money from . . . from a friend to travel on, and when I met Rita and she suggested we marry I thought it the best way out of my financial difficulties."

"It probably was," Caroline remarked. "Have another cup of tea, do."

He shook his head. "No thank you."

"That's a pity because I always have at least six," she commented. "Tell me, what are you going to do now?"

He shrugged. "Search me. I was in a lawyer's office when I became ill but I never cared for the work, besides it wasn't remunerative. I think I was earning the staggering sum of thirty-five dollars a week."

"Humph," she commented. "Rather difficult to go back to thirty-five dollars a week when you've been living like a millionaire!"

He smiled faintly and fingered his mustache. "Yes, there you have it. And jobs of any sort are at a premium nowadays."

Caroline poured herself out another cup of tea. Tea was her one great extravagance. "Why don't you marry again?" she asked presently.

Clive's laugh had a hollow ring to it. "When I can't even support myself, your suggestion doesn't sound helpful."

Caroline clicked her tongue impatiently. "Of course I meant marry money. Sufficent anyhow for you to live on in comfort."

"Women with money who want to marry men who are broke are almost as difficult to find as jobs!" he remarked dryly.

"Nonsense," she said. "They're comparatively easy to find. Don't forget this is in my line of business. If you put yourself in my hands I'll see what can be done for you. After all, it shouldn't be difficult. You're youngish, pleasant to look at, sufficiently amusing to talk to . . ."

"You sound as though I were a prize pig being put up for auction," he broke in. "Besides, a wife who controls the purse strings isn't a very pleasant person to live with. They say that men who marry for money earn it, and I've found that's true."

"It may be true," she agreed, and added cruelly, "But it's the only profession you've been trained to, isn't it? Now don't be offended, I'm accustomed to speaking my mind. Besides, it's best to look facts squarely in the face, don't you think? That's the trouble with most people. They're not honest with themselves. If they behave like cads they like to imagine they're behaving like angels."

"Are you suggesting I should behave like a cad?" Clive asked tersely.

She threw up her hands in horror. "Listen to the man, taking everything I say literally. You're worse than a woman. Of course I didn't mean anything of the kind."

"Well, I admit I am sensitive." He appeared mollified. "Do you mind if I change my mind and have another cup of tea?"

She leaned across and patted him on the knee. "That's the way to win my heart," she smiled. "Praise my tea. I haven't a Pomeranian or a cat, and every woman likes a man to praise something about her. Of course I mean when she's past the age when you can with honesty praise her looks."

"Is a woman ever past that age?" he smiled back. "And for you to talk that way is ridiculous."

"What a sweet fellow it is," Caroline purred, her light blue eyes twinkling. "And of course I meant you to say that. I'm really the vainest creature on earth.

"Besides, no one ever runs themselves down without hoping to be contradicted. But that's enough about me. Do you know I've already got someone in mind whom I think might suit you admirably?"

Clive looked his alarm. "Great heavens!" he exclaimed. "I'm in no hurry. I've only been a widower nine months and you've no idea how much I'm enjoying my freedom."

"I thought you confessed to me earlier this afternoon that you were practically broke," she commented dryly.

He flushed and fingered his mustache again. "I am," he admitted reluctantly. "All the same. . . ."

"There's no time like the present," she smiled. "And the proposition I have in mind is a very charming one."

"See here, you're making me positively sweat with fright," he laughed. "I'd no idea when you invited me to tea today I was going to have the whole course of my life arranged for me! How old is she, fifty, sixty, seventy, and more important, how many pounds does she weigh? For mercy's sake break it gently."

"She is, I should say, roughly, thirty and she's one of the best-looking girls I've ever seen in my life."

Clive rose and put the tea cup down on a table near him rather deliberately.

"Either you're kidding me or there's insanity in her family. That's all I have to say."

She shook her head. "I'm not kidding you, and if there is insanity in her family, which I very much doubt, you'd never suspect it. I should say on the contrary she was almost aggressively sane."

"Then what's the rub?"

"There's no rub at all. Unless you consider five thousand a year settled on you when you marry her a rub."

He paused in the act of lighting a cigarette and whistled.

"You're not serious?"

"I was never more serious in my life."

He struck another match, the first had gone out. "Well, what's it all about?"

"A friend of mine will settle five thousand a year on the man who marries her," she told him.

"You mean she's been a sweetheart of his and he's anxious to get rid of her?"

She shook her head and smiled. "Not at all. When I discussed the matter with him he'd only seen her once and then, I gather, they disliked each other cordially. No, it's his son. He's afraid his son is going to marry her and he has other plans for him."

"There must be a very strong reason why his son shouldn't marry her since he's willing to part with a cool five thousand a year," Clive commented. "And if it's not insanity, what is it?"

"She is thirty, and the boy is only twenty-two. Besides, he is or was engaged to someone else. Someone the father is most anxious for him to marry. Besides, the five thousand a year will mean nothing to him."

Clive threw himself down on the couch again.

"It's pleasant to know someone is tremendously wealthy these days," he remarked, not without bitterness. "Let's hear more about it. Where is this young lady to be found? Not," he said hastily, "that I'm making any promises, mind you. If she doesn't attract me, no money on earth would induce me to marry for financial reasons a second time!"

All the same when he left Caroline's apartment later that afternoon it was agreed that she should try and arrange a meeting at an early date. Preferably at a cocktail party.

"Much more diplomatic for you two to meet in a crowd for the first time," she murmured. "Besides, it should flatter her vanity to think you've deliberately singled her out from a bevy of other fair charmers!"

"You're a diabolical schemer, aren't you?" he laughed.

He had agreed to all her plans, but only with his fingers crossed. He hadn't any real intention of carrying them out. Still, he'd been rather bored lately, and the situation might afford him some slight amusement. Later that evening he suddenly threw back his head and laughed. He had completely forgotten to ask the name of the girl she intended him to marry!

CHAPTER XXIV.

An Invitation.

FREDA had just returned to the office from seeing Bob off to Maine. A friend of his was being married, and he was to be the best man. He had been very reluctant to go, but she had made him.

"But, darling, you know I can't bear to leave you, even for a few days," he had protested. "Each moment will seem an eternity. I can't think of anything but you; I can't sleep; I can't eat."

"All the more reason you have a holiday from me and become sane again," she smiled back at him.

"I don't want to be sane, darling! It's glorious to be mad like this. But still I don't see why we can't be married at once. Then you could come up to Maine with me."

"But what would happen to my office in the meantime?" she asked.

"Oh, blame the old office," he exclaimed, kicking a footstool out of his way with force. "You don't know how I hate it. It interferes with everything. Why can't you just ditch it? For a time, anyhow?"

"How do you mean? 'Ditch it?'"

"Just close your doors and if anyone comes you're not there, that's all. It's simple enough."

She threw back her pretty red head and laughed. "What a keen business sense you have, Bob! If one wants to go away, one just shuts up shop, so to speak. And what would happen to all my clients and incidentally to your capital?"

"Darling, I've implored you not to worry about that," he said, crossing the room and putting an arm about her shoulders. "I don't care whether I lose it or not. And now I've quarreled with Dad it doesn't matter what he thinks about it either."

She glanced up at him sharply. "Have you seen him lately?"

"No, I haven't, and I'm not going to," he growled out savagely. "I can't forgive him, ever."

"Don't be silly, Bob. I wish you wouldn't keep up this stupid quarrel. I'm sure you're not happy about it. He probably isn't either."

"But I can never forget how unhappy he made you," he protested.

"Why should you take my quarrel on your shoulders?" she demurred.

He threw his other arm about her and held her tightly to him. "Why should I? Because I love you, that's why, you silly little sweetheart. I adore you. You're the most contrary and fascinating thing I've encountered. You're . . ."

"Oh, for heaven's sake stop, Bob," she broke in laughing. "You'll have me so vain I won't be fit to live with any man in a moment."

"Not with any man, with me," he thundered. "I'm the only man you're going to live with, ever! If I thought there was to be another man I'd break every bone in his body in advance."

She drew his face down with her hands and brushed her lips lightly across his forehead. "What a barbarian he is! I hope they do something to tame you in Maine, but I'm not very optimistic."

"You'll come down to the station and see me off?" he asked eagerly. "You won't let any of your clients interfere with that!"

"I'll come," she promised, "though, personally, I hate having anyone come to the station when I'm going away. There's something about a railroad platform that robs you of all powers of intelligent conversation. You can never think of anything brighter or more amusing to say than, 'Are you sure you have your ticket?' Or 'Would you like me to buy you a magazine?'"

"You're going to say something more than that to me," he threatened. "You're going to say, 'I love you, love you, Bob. You're the only man I have ever or could ever love. Hurry back, because time's going to drag terribly when you're away.'"

They both laughed, though she knew there had been a certain wistful intent behind his words. That was really what he would like her to say, how he would like her to feel. But, dear as he was, she couldn't feel that way.

She knew, and was ashamed of herself for admitting it, that his absence in Maine would be almost a relief. A brief respite from his eternal extravagant protestations of love, that were slowly wearing on her nerves. He was full of boyish romance and enthusiasm.

"I guess I'd enjoy it if I were twenty-two myself," she thought. "Is it the difference in our ages that makes me grow colder the more ardent he becomes? Did my affair with Clive spoil romance for me for all time? Is that why I can't respond?"

But she knew, in her heart, these were mere excuses to evade the real issue. She didn't love Bob.

She was a little afraid she could never really love him. What was to be done? How could she draw out of it without hurting him too much?

She was full of the problem when she returned to her office that Wednesday morning. All the way back from the station she had been wondering if it would be kindest to write or wait until he came back to tell him.

She would prefer to tell him to his face. But how could she explain why she had ever become engaged to him? She had been lonely and so bitterly wounded by Kent she would have turned to almost anyone for consolation that awful Sunday morning.

She was so full of these thoughts she almost collided with a woman coming down the corridor. At first Freda didn't recognize her. She was very small, almost birdlike in appearance, and she had fair hair, a shade more golden than any fair hair should be. She was dressed very smartly.

"It's Miss Miller, isn't it?" Caroline Redfern exclaimed. "You remember me, don't you? I came in to see you about some work a short while ago. I've been knocking at your office door, but could get no reply."

"I'm sorry. I went down to see a friend off to Maine," Freda explained.

Caroline's eyes twinkled. "A very dear friend?" She added hastily, seeing Freda stiffen, "Now, child, you mustn't take offence. I only thought it must be a very dear friend because you seemed so flustered. But there, I'm probably letting my imagination run away with me. In all likelihood you were only saying au revoir to a maiden aunt!"

She laughed; soft, pleasant laughter, like a mountain brook gurgling over smoothly polished stones.

"Now if you'll let me into that office of yours we'll talk about the work I want you to do for me," she went on. "Not a great deal of work. Just to send out some invitations for a cocktail party. I usually send them out myself, but I'm so rushed at the moment. You young people who work have no idea how extraordinarily busy an idle person like myself can be!" And she laughed again.

But, as the morning progressed, Freda couldn't help wondering if she could be so busy. Even after the business had been disposed of she seemed to have no desire to hurry away. She was full of bright inconsequent chatter, complimenting Freda both on her appearance and on her business ability.

"I do wish I'd been brought up to do some useful work when I was a girl," she sighed. "I admire you young people who work, tremendously."

She sounded perfectly genuine. It didn't seem to occur to her that she worked far harder making an income of several hundreds look like thousands than most people in offices ever work.

"Now, Miss Miller," she said before she left, "you're going to do me a very personal favor, aren't you?"

"What is it?" Freda inquired. She was feeling a little tired of Mrs. Redfern's interminable chatter and anxious to get on with her work.

"Nothing so very alarming," Caroline smiled. "At least I hope it won't be. I hope it will be quite pleasant. I want you to come to my party yourself. I've a very special reason for wanting you to come so please don't disappoint me."

"Won't you let me know what the special reason is?" Freda smiled back. It was rather a patient smile. She was a direct person herself and nothing she disliked more than a lot of unnecessary mystery.

"I can't explain now," Caroline murmured. "But I assure you it will be well worth your while to come, quite apart from the fun I'm sure you'll get out of it. You will come, won't you?"

Freda's natural instinct was to refuse. She disliked the general run of cocktail parties intensely; especially parties where the crowd was strange to her. And you so often got trapped in a corner by some man who bored you, and there was no escape until it was time to go.

But suddenly she remembered that Bob had told her that this Mrs. Redfern was a great friend of his father's, that for years she had been trying to marry him. Her eyes narrowed slightly. Could there be a possible connection between Mrs. Redfern's pressing invitation and some carefully thought out scheme of Kent's?

There must be, she thought, otherwise why all the mystery? Was Kent still secretly fighting her? Was this cocktail party merely a ruse to trap her? But whatever it was she was determined to find out. Her fighting blood rose. If Kent Wilburn hadn't finished with her then most certainly she'd show she hadn't finished with him!

"It's most kind of you, Mrs. Redfern," she smiled, "I'll be be glad to come."

CHAPTER XXV.

An Unexpected Meeting.

THOUGH Caroline Redfern never gave a cocktail party, or a party of any kind for that matter, without some ulterior motive, she was always sufficiently clever to disguise the fact.

If half her guests were being entertained through matters of policy, she saw to it that the other half were at least amusing. They were quite an amusing crowd who were collected at her apartment this late afternoon when Freda arrived.

She had dressed for the fray in a light amber suit that matched her eyes and toned in with her hair. She had paid far more than she should have for it, but this knowledge only added to the sense of confidence it gave her. As she ran up the stone steps of Caroline's apartment house, where the afternoon sunlight lingered softly, her small straw hat set on her head at a defiant angle, she felt quite equal to anything.

"I hope Kent is here," she thought. "I feel in the mood to give him a piece of my mind."

But Kent wasn't at the party. She knew it, in a curious way, almost before she had time to have a look round. She was surprised at the sharp sense of disappointment she felt, but only, she assured herself, because she would have enjoyed the fight. And since he wasn't there what had been the reason for Mrs. Redfern's pressing invitation?

Caroline greeted her effusive-

(Continued on Page 25)

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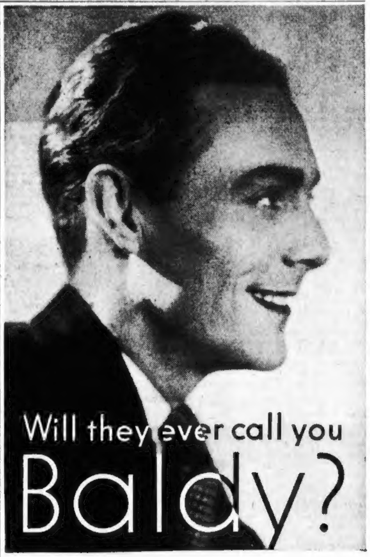

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She Walked Into His Parlor by Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 24)

ly. "So nice of you to spare the time to come, dear child," she purred. "I really do appreciate it because I know how busy you are. Now I'll let you into the secret. There's a charming man I want you to meet and look after for me. Like yourself, he won't know a soul here. I want you to be especially nice to him because recently he's had a sad bereavement. His wife, a very wealthy woman, died. Poor fellow, I think he's lonely. But there's no reason why that shouldn't be altered, is there?" She smiled archly up at Freda and winked one eye at her. "I'm sure you're a most sympathetic girl, Miss Miller."

Freda smiled slightly. "It rather depends on the man, how sympathetic one is."

Caroline laughed. "How very true! I fear you're both a wit and a cynic, though I can't think how a young girl as attractive as you are can be a cynic. Do you think either a wise trait to cultivate? Men only appreciate wit in themselves, and they loathe cynicism."

"Is what men like all important?" Freda inquired.

"Of course it is," Caroline returned impatiently. "This is a man-made world and the more we kick against it the less we're going to get in the long run. I don't believe women of today get half as much out of men as their grandmothers did, and as we go on demanding more we'll get less and less . . . But this is scarcely the time to philosophize, when I've a hundred odd guests to look after. If you'll wait here I'll find this nice man and send him along with a drink for you."

As she spoke she moved off, twisting in and out amongst her guests, smiling and nodding, stopping a moment to say a word here and there, purring a little with pleasure as the remark echoed all around her: "What a marvelous hostess Caroline is!"

She knew people usually said that at a cocktail party chiefly because they could think of nothing else to say, all the same it never failed to elate her. One is rarely bored by praise, however insincere.

She found Clive in the next room, leaning against the sideboard, sipping a drink and talking to a young man from one of the daily newspapers.

"Now this will never do, two men talking together when there are so many lovely girls languishing for their society," she said, her small eyes twinkling up at them brightly. "Come along, Clive. There's a charming girl here I want you to meet." She put her arm through his and proceeded to lead him away.

"Not THE girl?" Clive asked, lowering one eyelid slightly, as though they were two conspirators engaged in some diabolical scheme. "I feel all of a twitter."

"This is no joking matter," Caroline reproved him. "I've told her all about you and she's ready to fall into your lap like an over-ripe apple. Besides, she really is a dear. Don't forget there's five thousand a year involved in it, either."

Clive paused. "Look here, does she know anything about this?"

"Of course she doesn't," she retorted sharply. "Do you take me for a fool? She need never know. She'll merely think she's marrying a man with a private income of five thousand a year."

He breathed more freely. "That's all right then. But, mind you, I'm not making any promises. If I don't take a definite fancy to her nothing would induce me to marry her. I can manage quite well without that."

"Oh, you'll take a fancy to her all right," she assured him, while she thought: "No man can live more successfully above his income than the man who has no income at all!"

The room was so crowded they were almost on top of Freda before either she or Clive recognized each other. Caroline was just beginning: "Miss Miller, I want you to meet Mr. ——" when Freda went suddenly as white as the white gardenia in Clive's button-hole. Her hand shook so she almost dropped the colored cocktail glass she was holding.

"Clive," she whispered, and then swiftly recovering herself she added stiffly: "How do you do, Mr. Durant."

"Clive, please," he smiled faintly. "Surely it's still Clive to you, Freda?" And though of the two he appeared the more composed, Caroline's sharp ears detected a note of unsteadiness in his voice.

"You two know each other already?" she said rather lamely.

"Yes, we have met," Freda returned coldly.

"We're old friends," Clive added.

Caroline sensed a situation; she would like to have stayed, for no one enjoyed a situation more than she did, but flight is sometimes the wisest course so she muttered some excuse which neither heard, and flew. Neither, it might be added, even knew she had gone.

"It's very nice to meet you again, Freda," Clive remarked at last.

"It's certainly amusing to discover that the poor lonely widower I'm to be especially nice to and sympathize with is you!" she returned sharply.

"Yes, I admit the situation has elements of amusement in it. But that doesn't say I'm not lonely and not in need of sympathy." He smiled faintly.

"If I gave you sympathy don't you think it would be like turning the other cheek," she asked quietly, the memory of all he had made her suffer in the past sweeping over her in a monster wave.

For the moment, in retrospect, that past was as hurting and painful as it had ever been. This was the man who had wrecked her ideals, whom she once imagined had broken her heart. How many nights had she sobbed her heart out for him, torn between despair and jealousy, when she heard of his marriage to the other woman.

How did she feel towards him now? Just then she couldn't have told you. Emotionally she felt numb. Impersonally she thought that he was as good looking as ever, even more so, with his very dark brown hair, his well set up frame, and small military moustache. And yet she knew definitely that something was lacking; perhaps it was a certain softness that constituted a great deal of his charm.

In the past four years he had obviously become more self-reliant, certainly more a man of the world. His clothes too were different. When she had known him he had dressed rather sloppily. Now his well-cut suit bore the stamp of wealth.

"You've changed, Clive," she remarked.

"For the better, I hope? And may I say that you have changed, too? You were lovely when I knew you. You're far lovelier now. You're one of those women who improve with age, and how rare they are!"

"I scarcely appreciate compliments from you," she returned sharply.

"Not even when they're sincere?" he asked softly. "But please don't think I don't understand your attitude, Freda," he went on. "Were I in your shoes I would probably behave in exactly the same way. I'm ready to admit I treated you badly, though perhaps not so badly as you believe I did."

"What do you mean?" she asked, her hazel eyes meeting his squarely. As he didn't reply immediately, she went on with a little catch in her voice, "And if you had any excuse, why didn't you tell me of it at the time?"

"Would it have made any difference? I had married Rita then. Whatever my motive for doing so, there was no getting away from that."

She remained very quiet for a moment, then she said: "Yes, it would have made a difference. It might have helped to ease the hurt at the time. Now whatever your motive it doesn't make a particle of difference. Is there any need discussing it?"

He caught her small gloved hand and squeezed it tightly. "Please don't be unkind. You don't know how I've longed to meet you again, but I've lacked the courage to get in touch with you. I knew, from your point of view, I'd behaved like the worst possible cad, and I didn't suppose, even had I written, you would have answered my letters. But now that we have met, please listen to me. Even if you decide you don't want to know me, I won't grumble, though, of course, I'll be upset. I may have married Rita, but believe me I'm honest in saying that I never loved any one but you, Freda."

She drew her hand out of his with a little jerk of exasperation and annoyance. "Don't talk to me of love, Clive. I'd far rather the word wasn't mentioned. And if, as you say, you didn't love your wife, to me that only makes it worse. I might have been able to forgive you had you told me that you fell genuinely in love with her. After all, men do get tired of one woman and fall in love with another. But your confession can only mean that you married her purely for the sake of her money."

He sighed and his lips twitched slightly. "I admit it, Freda. On the surface things do look black against me. But there's one thing you don't know." He paused momentarily, then lowering his voice he added: "The chief reason I married her was the haunting fear that I should be a continual burden upon you."

She started. She stared up at him, her eyes open wide. "You say you married her because you were afraid you would be a burden upon me? I don't understand."

He smiled faintly, a rather sad, wistful smile. "It isn't so difficult to understand. But before I tell you won't you let me give you a drink? You look rather pale. I admit I feel a bit unnerved myself. A drink will do us both good."

She didn't protest and he went across to the table where a waiter in a white jacket was dispensing drinks. Waiting for him to return Freda looked about her. The cocktails had been circulating freely and everyone appeared talkative and gay.

The whole scene was little different from hundreds of similar scenes that were happening in almost identical apartments at this hour of the evening. Yet, to Freda, it seemed curiously unreal. It must be the strange meeting with Clive that was affecting her.

Again she asked herself how she felt towards him, and again she was unable to find a satisfactory reply. Certainly she had no longer that sense of bitter animosity, of hatred almost. Had she met him three months, even six months after he had let her down she almost believed she could have killed him. But then she still loved him. Now, after four years, both her hatred and her love had dwindled. Indeed they might have gone altogether, for all she knew.

Yet, undoubtedly, his dramatic re-appearance had moved her. Memories she had thought dead had risen in her mind. His face was familiar, yet queerly unfamiliar; his voice had that same deep husky intonation that had once thrilled her inexpressibly; even his little mannerisms and tricks of speech brought the past more startlingly to life with every word he uttered.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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The Mating of Dan Yeo By Otwell Binns

(Continued from Page 20)

say two days sailing away. That's no great distance for a light proa to drift. You know what the waters are down here. Some of the currents are like a mill race. Suppose Mahya's little craft got caught in one of them—"

"By Jupiter, I believe you're right."

"So do I." Cardon laughed in his odd deprecating way, and then added, "There's where we're bound for. It's a thousand to one it's the place we're wanting, and good enough to take a chance on, anyway."

Dan Yeo nodded and whistled softly to himself whilst he stared at the seven dots on the chart. As he did so the dots in his vision transformed themselves to seven jewels of vivid green set in a sea of jade, and on one, white in the sunshine he saw lifted a white fort or stockade of ancient pattern. His blue eyes glowed with excitement.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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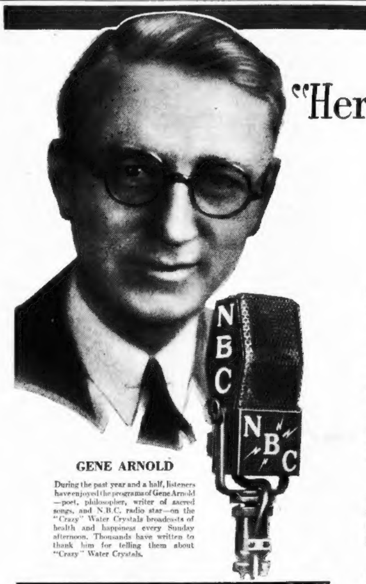

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The following statement is being made by Gene Arnold, Sunday, Sept. 9th, at 2 P. M., E. D. S. Time over the National Broadcasting System

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And I know it has been a thrilling experience to *write* those letters. Wouldn't it thrill you to be able to write a letter telling of suffering that has disappeared—of pains and aches that have gone away?

I wish you could be with me as I read these letters. In nearly every case the writers had been suffering intensely. Then they gave "Crazy" Water Crystals a full and fair trial.

How different these people are! Some are old, some young, some from little villages, some from great cities. Some have dictated the letters to their private secretaries. Others have used a lead pencil and a scrap of paper.

But all have one thing in common—the tremendous joy of relief from suffering. And so they write me, telling me how much better they feel—how their condition has improved, and that life is worth living again.

I am not guessing when I recommend "Crazy" Water Crystals. More than once I have visited the "Crazy" Water Hotel—I have talked with people there—some who came despairing of ever finding good health again. Moreover, I talk personally with many, many sufferers who have had their mineral water daily, made at home with "Crazy" Water Crystals. Almost daily they tell me of the marked benefits they have received from this great natural mineral water product.

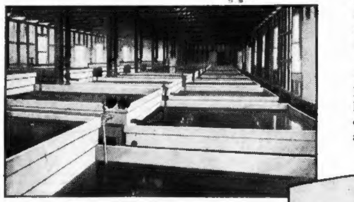
And I've talked with a number of physicians too, among them one of the leading Hydrologists in the United States, William Edward Fitch, M. D., an authority with an international reputation, who said to me recently:

"The whole story, Gene, of the product you tell people about, 'Crazy' Water Crystals, can be put in a very few words. For more than 2,000 years natural mineral waters have been used in every part of the world for prolonged, chronic and troublesome disorders, because Nature has fashioned combinations of minerals which have an important effect on the entire system. In extracting minerals from the natural water and thus producing 'Crazy' Water Crystals, you are offering people the greatest gift that Nature has placed at natural mineral water resorts—unadulterated minerals, with nothing added."

When I think of what Dr. Fitch told me—I am glad to have helped so many who are suffering to get the benefits that came through making and drinking a mineral water at home with 'Crazy" Water Crystals.

GENE ARNOLD

During the past year and a half, listeners have enjoyed the programs of Gene Arnold—poet, philosopher, writer of sacred songs, and N.B.C. radio star—on the "Crazy" Water Crystals broadcasts of health and happiness every Sunday afternoon. Thousands have written to thank him for telling them about "Crazy" Water Crystals.



HOW "CRAZY" WATER CRYSTALS ARE PRODUCED

The photograph directly above is in the Home of "Crazy" Water Crystals, a modern, airy building, where precious minerals are taken from our natural mineral water at Mineral Wells and Thorndale, Texas, by slow evaporation. Just natural minerals are retained in crystal form. Nothing whatever is added.

Approximately fifteen gallons of the natural mineral water are used to produce the crystallized minerals in one standard-size box of "Crazy" Water Crystals, which costs only $1.50—about one-tenth the cost of natural water shipped in bottles.

Decide now to give old Mother Nature a chance to help you. Start using "Crazy" Water Crystals, just as have millions of men and women all over the United States. They have helped others—they may help *you*.

THE "CRAZY" WATER HOTEL

To the left is the "Crazy" Water Hotel at Mineral Wells, Texas—a famous health resort for over fifty years, now visited by over 150,000 people annually. Modern, luxurious, the hotel witnesses many remarkable recoveries from varied conditions. But for the millions who can not come here, "Crazy" Water Crystals are produced.

THE WAY TO USE "CRAZY" WATER CRYSTALS

To get the best results from "Crazy" Water Crystals *make a mineral water*. Just dissolve "Crazy" Water Crystals in plain drinking water. Two level teaspoonfuls to a quart of water. Do not make it too strong. When mixed properly, the mineral water that you make is mild, pleasant to the taste. Make several quarts at a time. Drink from six to eight big glassfuls every day. Keep it up for at least 90 days.

WHERE TO GET "CRAZY" WATER CRYSTALS

"Crazy" Water Crystals are for sale in better drug stores everywhere. In some of the larger cities there are also exclusive "Crazy" Water Crystals stores where the managers are qualified to explain their use. Look in your telephone book. If your druggist is unable to supply you, send in the coupon to the right with $1.50.

IMPORTANT

There are three principal channels of elimination from the body—the skin, the kidneys and intestines. Improper, insufficient elimination is a principal or contributing cause of, or may aggravate, many conditions such as rheumatism, arthritis, excess acidity, etc. In such cases, "Crazy" Water Crystals have helped thousands.

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Listen to Gene Arnold every Sunday afternoon over the National Broadcasting System

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Make Your Child a Health "History" Book

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

MANY parents take great delight in keeping some form of Baby Book, dating from birth—but generally filled with unimportant details, and all too frequently dropped and neglected along about the tenth year or so—when children so often cease to be "cute" or "interesting."

I want to suggest something quite different from the usual Baby Book. I suggest the very practical idea of a Health "History" Book, or kind of home "case record" kept by the Mother for future medical and social record.

It should contain a record of the child's annual physical examinations and tests, illnesses, and all other data concerning its health.

This history book may be compiled in a simple way. The typical photograph album is one good medium, or a loose leaf binder, or just an ordinary binder into which the data gathered may be kept safely in permanent form.

The book should begin, naturally, with the child's Birth Certificate. It will make my readers laugh when I relate that some years ago, when it was necessary for my son to present his own Birth Certificate he was forced to spend a very hot day seeking it—and then, at the end of the day to return with the statement, that, as far as the records went, he was never "born" at all!

This was due to a confusion of the precinct in which was located the hospital where he was born—but this somewhat laughable incident may become serious when the child grows up and the many occasions when such birth certificates is required, present themselves.

When did Tommy have the easles? Wasn't that the Summer when Grandma was visiting us from the West? Yes, but when, what year, exactly, was that? Or did Dorothy have her adenoids removed the Spring before she went to Camp—or was it the next Summer?

All such indefinite information could just as easily be made more exact if it were written down, as it happened! No nurse, watching a patient, fails to enter the patient's temperature at the hour at which it occurs; so, too, why not write down the simple dates of the occurrence of the many diseases to which childhood is heir?

Such exact dating will be immensely valuable in later years when possibly a much more serious condition is developed, and the consulting medical aid wishes to learn the when, what and where of the patient's previous experiences.

There is scarcely a child who does not wear glasses, or has not had its teeth filled, or taken some other type of prescription which is another type of record which should be instantly and easily available.

Take the prescription for lenses—where is it put after the pair of glasses is made by the oculist? It may be left with that firm—or it may be taken home—and mislaid. The best plan with any prescription whatever is to retain the genuine and original paper, and place it in a permanent file such as we are discussing. Why? Because there are so many times when the family or individual moves to a new location—if the original prescription is left behind with the firm or company in the first residence locality—then one must send for it, at considerable inconvenience or delay.

An example comes to mind in our family, where an aged relative now visiting, brought with her a small supply of a particular sedative powder from her own home across the continent. The box lid indicated the serial number of the prescription—filled in San Francisco—but that was little aid when the supply became exhausted—in New York! For almost ten days this relative was acutely suffering, because she failed to carry with her the original prescription, and not merely its box.

When an X-ray is taken of some organ or other condition, the examiner makes a report of his findings, which in turn is given over to the consulting physician. It cannot be too strongly urged that the patient hold on to and retain this report—and file it away in a place of safety, or insert it in the Health History Book which we are now suggesting.

Again, one may ask why? Is it not safe with the physician? Yes, all too safe, if the patient moves about, or consults another doctor.

This too is emphasized because again in my family recently, it was necessary to go to a very great deal of trouble and annoyance on both sides to secure either the report or the actual X-rays taken of a certain condition with a young daughter. The X-rays were taken in New York—the patient went to the South—and was forced to consult a local doctor who wished to see those X-rays before making his new diagnosis; she is now deciding to attend a college in still another section—and I am planning to avoid this previous annoyance by having her take not only these X-rays, but her entire medical history with her, wherever she goes.

It is my supposition, that if the Mother concerns herself with making and keeping up such a Health History Book for each child in her family, that she will be much more observant of details and facts and symptoms, as she records them. There are many times indeed, when we mentally note some unusual symptom—or phase, or situation—in the child's health, but fail to write it down because there is no established or accepted place for so doing.

And it is just this little symptom or habit or sign, which no doubt in hundreds of cases would be the one and precious piece of data so sought in a later crisis! The world would have lost a mass of valuable material and informative—if amusing—facts, if the famous Dr. Pepys had not been in the habit of making notes in his so-famous Diary! Or even more important are those scientists whose patient and often apparently insignificant records have led to tremendous later results.

I am not asking that the Mother make entries in such a Health History Book in order to anticipate later illness—far from it. All I ask is that the present records, data, prescriptions, and so on, be all saved and retained, and above all, that they be kept together where they may be instantly available.

At a later period, perhaps, the Passport, Army Medical Examination Reports, Naturalization or Citizenship papers might be added; the Wedding License and similar documents. This, true, leaves the realm of the strictly Health field — but whatever makes for a complete documentation of the individual cannot help but be valuable.

Mother may think it worth while to write up a pretty Baby Book, and record the date of "Baby's First Smile"—but why not continue the idea, make it more scientific, and keep it up with the years? The Child, when grown, indeed may well thank the Mother for her painstaking efforts.

Behind the Scenes With Royalty—*By Netley Lucas*

(Continued from Double Page)

ularly with a very attractive young German dancer, Lena Kountz, formerly of the "Wintergarten" in Berlin.

King Zog asked her to supper. She agreed—but was disappointing. She told His Majesty that she was leaving for Trieste the next day. Three days later an Albanian seaplane arrived at Trieste piloted by an officer of the Albanian Army and with one passenger, Colonel Malik Bey Libohova (King Zog incognito). That night "Colonel Libohova" sat at the back of a box at the Nazionale Theatre and watched Lena Kountz dance. Afterwards he took her to supper in a private room at Cricci's famous (but discreet) restaurant.

I am told there is a report of this extraordinary affair in the archives of the Secret Police at Trieste and it reads like an excerpt from an Oppenheim thriller. During the course of this supper party the girl Lena Kountz inveigled (if he needed inveigling) King Zog to seat himself in a particular arm-chair while she perched herself in his lap. Then jokingly she took a silken girdle from around her waist and playfully twined it round the King's neck laughingly announcing that she was going to strangle him. And she very nearly did—because there happened to be a curtain behind the chair and a confederate concealed there.

She passed one end of the girdle to this man behind King Zog's back and pulled on the other herself. But for the watchfulness of King Zog's Albanian Army pilot (also in the Albanian Secret Service), there would have been no King of the Albanians any longer. This Secret Service officer, obeying the orders of his Chief in Tirana, who suspected the dancer, had hidden himself on the balcony outside the King's supper apartment and was watching all that took place. When he saw that the beautiful dancer had a confederate and that between them they were doing their best to strangle his King he thought it was time for action. With the butt of his revolver he smashed the window—undid the catch and rushed in. A blast of a police whistle brought detectives, waiting in the street, and Lena Kountz and her accomplice (an Albanian Republican who had become her lover while she had been in Tirana) were arrested.

A public trial would mean the exposure of King Zog on an amorous escapade incognito in Trieste and might cost him his throne. Then the attempt being made in Trieste (a treaty port), might mean all sorts of international complications. Conferences were held and it was decided to deport the girl to Germany untried and the Albanian back to Albania. King Zog meanwhile had flown away—badly scared I may say; not at the nearness he had been to death—but at the scandal his fondness for a shapely pair of legs and attractive eyes had nearly led him into.

A few days later the Albanian who had attempted regicide was landed at Durazzo under an escort and handed over to the Albanian authorities. He has never been heard of since. Perhaps he is being held for life in some dungeon of the Fortress of St. Seraph built on the side of towering Mount Korytza. If so, he will never see freedom again; because a royal secret is in his keeping.

Yes, the Albanians will breathe much more freely when their gay bachelor King has a wife and is perhaps tied to her apron strings. I think that he will be wise to choose an American bride because if there is one thing American wives are eminently capable at—it is looking after their husbands. But what will the lucky (or unlucky) girl have to face when she leaves the super-civilization of the United States for the half-civilized land of Albania?

The country is most primitive. I once spent a Summer there and although the sport was magnificent and the women dark-eyed and beautiful—and also complacent—yet it is hardly the country I should choose to take up my lifelong residence in. The Palace itself used to be a most crude building with goats and chickens running about the outer and inner courts. The furnishings consisted of great heavy pieces of furniture—canopied beds and the polished floors strewn with skins—the spoils of the chase. There was only one bathroom at that time, and that His Majesty's. The first King of Albania (Prince William of Wied) seldom used it. He used to wash in the rock-built swimming pool in the palace grounds with his ladies waiting around to dry him when he came out.

Now there are three bathrooms in the palace—one for the King, another for the courtiers and a third for the lower servants. There is one telephone—that in the King's study. The canopied beds remain—the skin rugs are still there. There is, however, a private radio station recently installed. King Zog took a leaf out of the Pope's book when he agreed to this innovation. King Zog dislikes cars; he usually rides when he goes anywhere, usually at a gallop and often leaves his escort far behind as his horses are the finest in Europe and are imported from North Africa—real Arab steeds full of fire and bad temper.

One other thing the American Queen of Albania will have to face. When I went over the palace at Tirana I was interested in the primitiveness of the kitchen arrangements. No gas or electric cookers—oh, dear no. Meat cooked over great big fires—often roasted whole. Bread baked in ovens a hundred and fifty years old. But the wines! Some of the finest in Europe—cellars fifty feet deep; to get to which you traverse lengthy subterranean passages.

Another little Albanian custom: When the Queen shall give birth to an heir the confinement will take place in full view of the Cabinet of five Ministers of State. This is because there might be—in the Near East—substitution of an anonymous male child should the first born be a girl. They hate baby girls in the East—they are quite as unpopular in the Near East, of which Albania is a part. However, if you, little Lady Unknown, are gifted with a strong constitution; if you have a fondness for sport; a liking for primitive cooking and the discomforts of Near Eastern housekeeping, then you may be happy as Queen of Albania. There is no crown for you—as yet. It was stolen by the Turks a good many years ago, but I am sure that one of the big jewelers can provide something that will do you justice on your coronation at Tirana.

Tragedy cut short one of King Zog's recent romances when the beautiful Baroness Dorothy Von Ropp, known as the "Blonde Venus," took her life in Athens. She was found dead at a lonely spot on the beautiful Phaleron Bay, not far from that city. The body was propped up against a rock, facing the sea.

In the corsage of her dress was found a passionate love letter to Kemal Bey Messares, Albanian Minister at Athens.

She scorned a king's love and, rather than jeopardize the career of the man she loved, one of the same King's Ministers, put a revolver bullet through her brain.

Baroness von Ropp, a Lett, twenty-eight years of age, made the acquaintance of King Zog of Albania when he was in Vienna. A year ago she left her husband and her two children and followed the King to Tirana, the Albanian capital.

The King fell madly in love with the beautiful Baroness and had a charming villa built for her near the Royal Palace.

Then she met the handsome Kemal Bey, a marshal of the King's household. She lost her heart completely to him.

King Zog heard of the romance. He was furious and gave orders that his rival should be sent away from Tirana. Kemal Bey was appointed Minister at Athens.

One day the Baroness, pining for Kemal Bey, obtained from the King permission to make a trip to Corfu. She did not return. Instead she went on to Athens, and, so that she might be able to stay near Kemal Bey, obtained work as a shorthand typist and gave German lessons.

When the King heard where she was he became frenzied with rage and jealousy. To prevent their marriage he immediately issued a decree forbidding marriages with foreigners by members of the Albanian Diplomatic Corps.

The Baroness, fearing for her loved one's career, then decided to take her life.

Of Zog it can be said that he is intensely loyal and enthusiastic about his country. He is every inch a man—and should make an excellent husband and lover—he's had a good deal of practice in the latter role anyway. How long he will keep his throne remains to be seen. It is no secret that Italy could make good use of Albania and Mussolini has had his eye on it for some years. But it is fairly secure as it retains the blessing and benediction of Great Britain and France.

Yes, the year 1934 is likely to see a trans-Atlantic wedding of unprecedented interest; the first "hands across the ocean" royal marriage in the history of the world. I wonder who the lucky (?) girl will be?

The End.

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When the CORE is gone--corn PAIN IS GONE

You can't expect a simple surface treatment to get rid of painful, aching corns! You've got to get to the core of a corn to get rid of the pain! The new KOHLER ONE NIGHT CORN KIT gets the core—or you get your money back! It's a complete, scientific treatment, formulated by specialists who have been relieving corn pains for fifty years! Nothing else like it! KOHLER'S ONE NIGHT CORN KIT consists of pads to instantly relieve pain; tape to hold them in place and KOHLER'S famous efficient salve to get the core! End corn agony tonight . . . don't put up with pain another minute! Get a new KOHLER ONE NIGHT CORN KIT from your druggist—only 35c—or write the Kohler Manufacturing Co., Baltimore, Md., if he hasn't got it.

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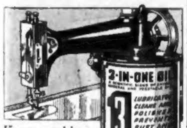

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Cheese as a Meat Substitute

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Cheese Ring Salad.

MIX ⅓ cup Roquefort cheese and 2 packages cream cheese with ¼ cup milk, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, ¼ teaspoon paprika, ½ teaspoon onion juice and ½ teaspoon salt. Beat until smooth and creamy. Soften 1 tablespoon granulated gelatin in ¼ cup cold water. Dissolve over a pan of hot water. Add the dissolved gelatin to the cheese mixture. Fold in 1 cup cream, beaten until stiff. Turn into a ring mold and chill in ice box. When firm turn out on a serving platter and garnish with crisp lettuce. Fill the center with fruit or vegetable salad seasoned with French and mayonnaise dressing.

Roquefort Sandwiches.

BLEND ½ pound Roquefort cheese with 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon finely chopped almonds, and a few drops Worcestershire sauce. Spread between thin slices of white or graham bread.

Frozen Roquefort Salad.

BLEND 4 ounces Roquefort cheese with 2 tablespoons cream cheese, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 tablespoon minced chives and a few grains paprika. Fold in 1 cup finely shredded crisp white cabbage and 1 cup cream, beaten until stiff. Pack in ice and salt for 4 hours or turn into tray of mechanical ice box and freeze. Serve on crisp lettuce and garnish with mayonnaise.

Stuffed Pear Salad.

HAVE ready a bowl of quick setting lime, lemon or mint gelatin. Beat 2 packages of cream cheese with 2 or 3 tablespoons cream or milk until smooth and creamy. Use as filling for cavities in canned pears. Pour a little of the gelatin (which is beginning to congeal) into individual custard cups or molds. Place a stuffed pear in each cup. Fill cups with the gelatin. Chill in ice box. Turn out on crisp lettuce and serve with whipped cream mayonnaise. The gelatin may be tinted any desired color.

Cream Cheese Topping for Fruit Pies.

HAVE ready any desired fruit pie. Apple, blackberry, cherry, or other fruit pies are especially good with the cheese flavor. Beat 1 package cream cheese until smooth. Season with a few grains salt. Fold in 1 cup whipped cream. Spread. Decorate with pastry tube.

Cream Cheese Cake Pie (Repeated by Request).

CREAM 2 tablespoons butter and 2 tablespoons sugar together. Add 1 package of zwieback which has been rolled into fine crumbs. Mix well and pack lightly into two pie pans. Pans with removable bottoms are preferable but not necessary. Beat 5½ packages cream cheese until smooth. Add 1 cup sifted granulated sugar and 2 tablespoons flour and a few grains salt. Mix well. Add 4 well beaten egg yolks and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Add 1 cup cream. Fold in 4 stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into the pie pans containing the crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 300 or 325 degrees.

Cheese Apple Pie.

SIFT 1 cup flour with ⅓ teaspoon salt. Work in 2½ tablespoons lard. Moisten with ice water—about 6 tablespoons. Turn out on a lightly floured board, dust with flour, pat and roll out. Dot with 2½ tablespoons lard. Fold like an envelope. Press the edges gently together to enclose as much air as possible. Press with rolling pin and roll out. Fold again and roll. Repeat this about three times. This quantity is sufficient for 1 pie with two crusts. Slice ½ pound American cheese in small thin pieces. Pare and slice 6 or 8 tart juicy apples. Line a pie pan with the pastry. Fill with the thinly sliced apples, 1 cup sugar and the cheese. Sprinkle with a suggestion of nutmeg if you wish. Cover with a top crust. Cut a few slits in the top crust to allow steam to escape. Bake about 40 minutes in a moderately hot oven, or at about 400 degrees.

Cheese Gingerbread.

MELT 3 tablespoons melted chicken fat, sausage fat, bacon fat or lard or butter in 1 cup boiling water. Add 1 cup molasses and ¾ cup sugar. Beat well. Add 3 cups flour sifted again with 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon salt and 1½ teaspoons ginger. Bake in greased and floured layer cake pans. When cool put together with cheese filling and cover with cheese icing.

Cheese Filling (Good with any Spice Cake).

BEAT 2 packages cream cheese until smooth and creamy. Add 2 tablespoons chopped dates and 2 tablespoons chopped pecan nuts, ¼ teaspoon salt and 1 tablespoon cream. Blend well and use as filling.

Cheese Icing for Gingerbread.

BEAT 2 packages cream cheese with 2 tablespoons cream. When smooth and creamy use as icing. Decorate with pastry bag and tube if desired. Two tablespoons powdered sugar may be added to each package of cream cheese if a sweet cheese icing is desired.

Cheese Biscuits.

PRESS ½ pound fresh soft American cheese through sieve or potato ricer. Mix and sift 2 cups flour with 4 teaspoons baking powder and 1 teaspoon salt. Work in the cheese until particles are well separated. Add ¾ cup rich milk gradually, mixing lightly to a soft dough. Turn out on a lightly floured board. Roll about ¾-inch thick. Shape with a biscuit cutter. Place on buttered baking sheet. Bake in a hot oven for about 15 minutes. Good with fruit or vegetable salads.

Easy Tomato Cheese Sauce.

HEAT 1⅓ cups canned tomato soup in top of double boiler. Add a few grains paprika, ¼ teaspoon celery salt and ½ teaspoon salt. Add ½ pound thinly sliced American cheese and beat with an egg beater until cheese is entirely melted. Serve immediately.

Eggs au Gratin.

ARRANGE 6 carefully poached eggs in a shallow buttered pan. Cover with Easy Tomato Cheese Sauce (1 recipe makes about 2 cups). Sprinkle with ⅓ cup buttered bread crumbs. Brown under broiler. Serve immediately.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Prunes, Cereal, Creamed Dried Beef on Toast, Coffee. *Luncheon* Baked Macaroni au Gratin, Tomato and Watercress Salad, Baked Pears, Ginger Cookies. *Dinner* Roast Pork with Apple Sauce, Sweet Potatoes Baked with Marshmallows, Steamed Spinach, Butterscotch Pie.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Cereal, Poached Eggs on Toasted Bread, Bacon, Coffee. *Luncheon* Hollandaise Cauliflower with Grilled Tomatoes, Lettuce with French Dressing. Pecan Muffins, Marmalade, Iced Tea. *Dinner* Pot Roast of Beef with Hashed Brown Potatoes and Steamed Broccoli, Crisp Celery, Apricot Souffle with Cream.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Cereal, Buckwheat Cakes, Syrup, Coffee. *Luncheon* Cream of Tomato Soup with Grated American Cheese, French Rolls, Crushed Pineapple Whip, Ice Box Cookies. *Dinner (Company)* Broiled Lamb Chops, O'Brien Potatoes, Creamed Mushrooms, Minted Pineapple Salad, Vermont Layer Cake.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Cereal, Goldenrod Eggs on Toast, Graham Gems, Coffee. *Luncheon* Tomato Juice Cocktail, Home-Made Succotash, Golden Corn Bread, Apple Meringue Pie. *Dinner* Baked Emergency Croquettes (Left-Overs), Spaghetti, Carrots and Peas, Asparagus Salad, Caramel Cup Custard with Whipped Cream.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Cereal, Codfish Flakes in Cream, Toast, Coffee. *Luncheon* Steamed Spinach with Poached Eggs, Favorite Sauce, Grapefruit Salad, Ginger Cup Cakes or Oatmeal Cookies. *Dinner* Fish and Vegetable Casserole, Steamed Potatoes, Dutch Apple Cake with Lemon Sauce.	*Breakfast* Cereal, French Pancakes, Marmalade, Coffee. *Luncheon* Sauerkraut Cocktail, Sandwiches of Whole Wheat Bread, Corned Beef and Pepper Hash, Stuffed Prunes, Honey Doughnuts, Cocoa. *Dinner* Planked Beef Balls, Baked Stuffed Potatoes, Yellow Turnips, Hearts of Lettuce with Savory Dressing, Baked Ginger Pears with or without Cream.	*Breakfast* Cereal, Poached Eggs, Toast, Coffee. *Dinner* Clear Soup with Noodles, Roast Stuffed Chicken, Bread Stuffing, Cranberry Sauce or Peach Pickles, Steamed Rice, Steamed Brussels Sprouts or Cabbage, Fruit Sherbet, Ice Box Cookies. *Supper* Waldorf Salad, Boston Brown Bread, American Brioche, Cocoa.

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3038—A HOUSE FROCK WITH A BECOMING NECKLINE AND VERY CLEVER SHOULDERS. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3101—A BECOMING FROCK FOR THE MATRON HAS SIDE PANELS WHICH CONTINUE INTO A BELT. Designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 4 yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3102—THE POINTED YOKE OF THESE PRETTY PAJAMAS MAY OR MAY NOT HAVE A COLLAR. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 4 yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3100—A CHILD'S FROCK BUTTONING DOWN THE FRONT; NICE FOR COTTON OR WOOL PLAID. Designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14. Size 10 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch fabric and ⅝ yard contrasting.

Pattern 3099—SOMETHING VERY NEW IN A FROCK WITH AN ABBREVIATED BUTTONED-DOWN FRILL. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch fabric and ⅛ yard 36-inch contrasting.

Pattern 3043—A FROCK WITH SHOULDER RUFFLES AND SHORT SLEEVES FOR SCHOOLGIRLS AND YOUNGER. Designed for sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 4 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch fabric.

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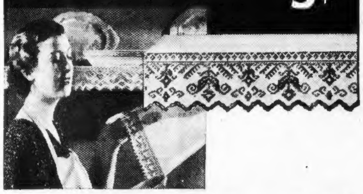

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